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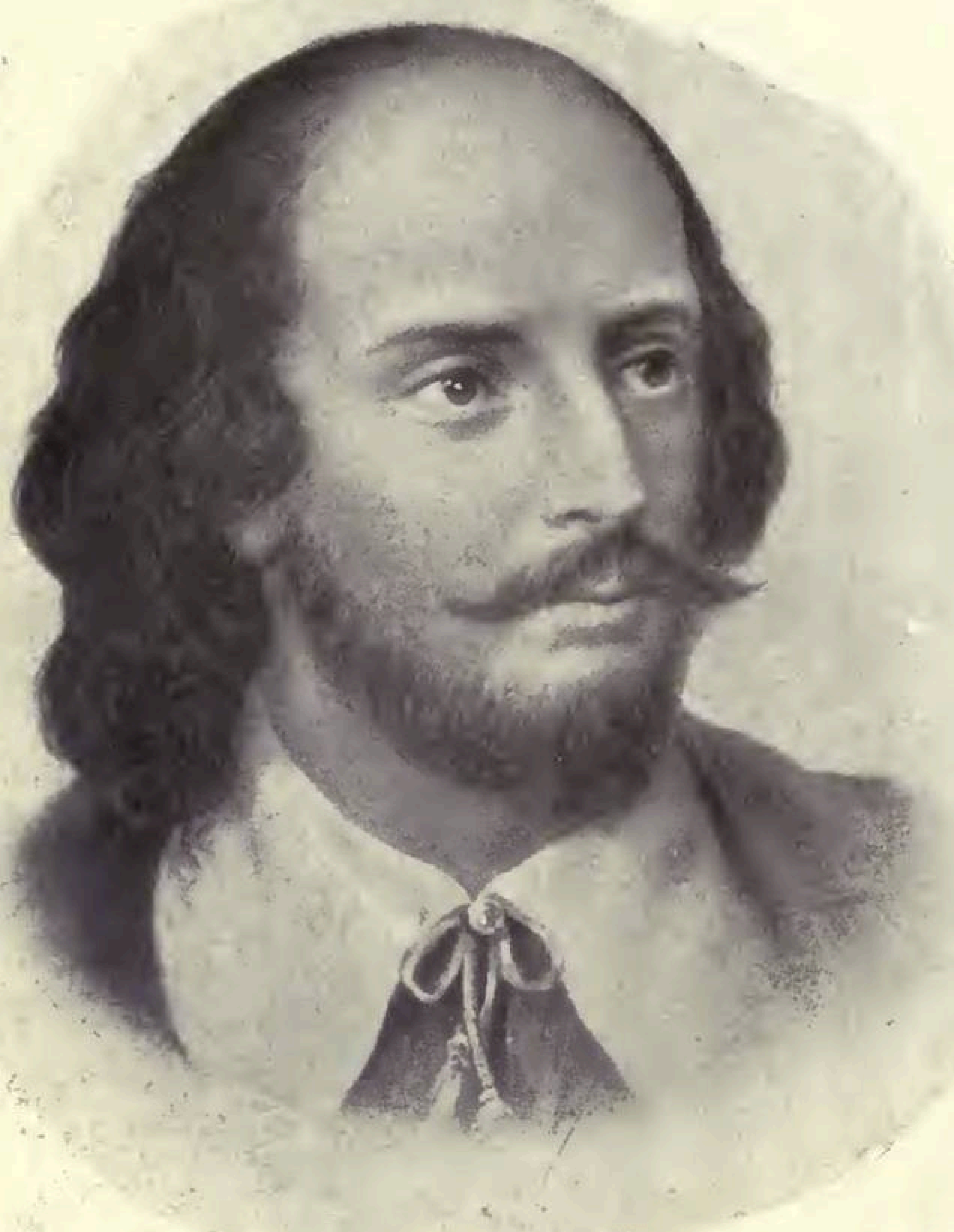
THE

COMPLETE WORKS

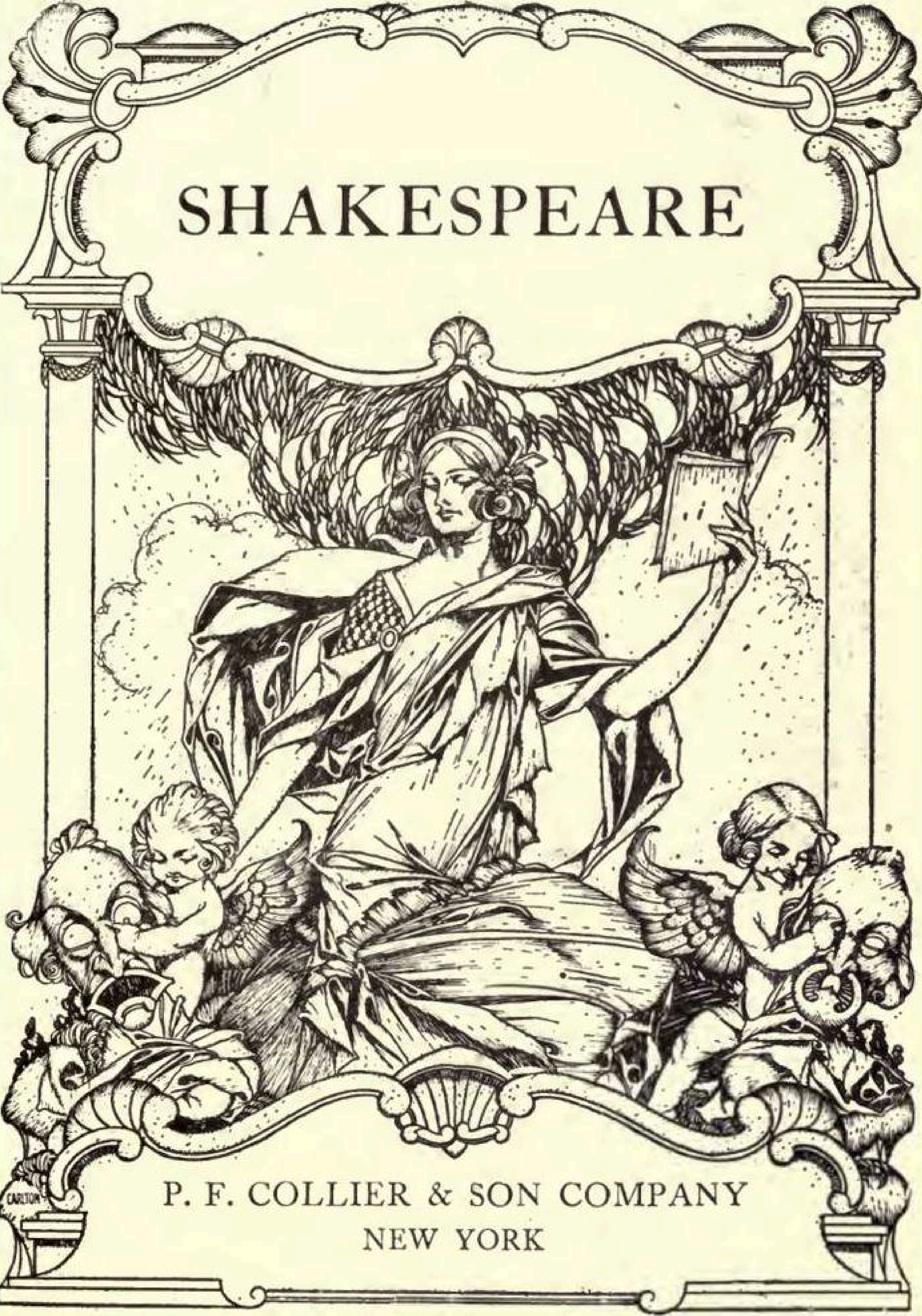
OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



William Shakspeare

SHAKESPEARE



P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
NEW YORK

THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH AN ESSAY ON SHAKESPEARE AND BACON

BY SIR HENRY IRVING

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
NEW YORK

India Paper

Manufactured in Great Britain

TO
SIR HENRY IRVING
WHO, BY HIS
FINE INTELLECT AND SPLENDID ACCOMPLISHMENT
HAS, FOR MANY YEARS,
ILLUMINED SEVERAL OF THE GREAT PLAYS
OF
SHAKESPEARE
THROUGHOUT THE STAGES OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA,
THIS VOLUME IS, BY PERMISSION, AND AS A TOKEN OF APPRECIATIO
OF HIS MAGNIFICENT INTERPRETATION OF
ENGLAND'S GREATEST DRAMATIST
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

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BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

THERE is no name in the world of literature like the name of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Homer broke as a sudden dawn through the darkness of the earlier ages, and sang the grandest of heroic songs. Dante, when the gods of Homer were no more, towered up, proud and solitary, with his sad and solemn dreams, his fierce hate, and his majestic love. Milton opened the gates of death, of heaven, and of hell, and saw visions such as no man ever saw before or will see again. But Homer, Dante, and Milton do not live in our heart of hearts, do not twine round our affections, do not satisfy our souls as SHAKESPEARE does. Here and there we may find touches of more daring sublimity, passages more steeped in learning, lines more instinct with abstract thought; but the greatest and best interpreter of human nature, the poet of the widest sympathies, of the most delicate perceptions, of the profoundest knowledge of mankind, a greater sculptor than Phidias, a truer painter than Raphael, came into the world at the pleasant town of Stratford-upon-Avon in April, 1564.

He lived fifty-two years, he wrote thirty-seven plays and some miscellaneous poems, he was buried in the town in which he was born, and his name has ever since filled the world. His works are now one of the luxuries of life. It would be difficult to conceive of ourselves as still unacquainted with Hamlet, and Macbeth, and Lear, and Othello. The realms of fancy would appear uninhabited if Shakespeare's creations were withdrawn from them. Men are prouder of the earth on which they live, and of themselves, because he was one of their fellow-men. Coleridge called him the "myriad-minded;" and well he might, for there was no mood or phase of mind which he did not realize. The most absolute courage, the most perfect manliness were not less inherent in him than the most winning gentleness, the most exquisite tenderness. The exuberance of his art is only equalled by the profoundness of his pathos. As a moral teacher he takes precedence of all other uninspired writers. Vice never looks so odious, nor crime so execrable, as when placed under the burning light of his indignation: the simplest virtue, the humblest effort to do good, never shine so fair as when breathed upon by him.

The endless multiplication of editions of Shakespeare is the natural consequence of the effect he produces and the benefits he confers. These benefits were felt in his lifetime, and have been acknowledged at all times since with an ever-increasing enthusiasm. It is a mistake to suppose, as some writers have done, that Shakespeare was at any period little read or lightly estimated. No doubt, as education and habits of reading came to be more widely diffused, the demand for his works increased; but among those who did read, in the latter half of the sixteenth century and downwards, Shakespeare was from the first and continuously felt to be a new power and a new delight. All his most distinguished contemporaries regarded him with love and admiration. His plays speedily attained the highest favour at Court; Queen Elizabeth and her successor James openly declared their preference for them. When Shakespeare died, Charles I. was Prince of Wales and Milton was a child. One of the favourite amusements of the prince was to witness representations of the Shakesperian drama at Whitehall; and Milton, unfettered by that Puritanism which rejected as evil everything connected with the stage, dedicated to the great poet who had preceded him one of the noblest sonnets in our language. Dryden followed Milton, and Pope came after Dryden, and in the day and generation of both Shakespeare's star shone conspicuous, worshipped by none more than by the authors of the "Religio Laici" and the "Dunciad."

In the year 1623, within seven years of Shakespeare's death, a complete edition of his plays was published, with a glowing dedication to his friends, the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery. A second edition, in folio like the first, was brought out in 1632, a third in 1663, re-issued with additions in 1664, and a fourth in 1685. Throughout the whole of the eighteenth century there become *the mother of Shakespeare*: "how august a title," says De Quincey, "to the reverence of infinite generations, and of centuries beyond the vision of prophecy!" She bore her husband eight children, four sons and four daughters. The two first were daughters, Jone or Joan, and Margaret; the third was *William;* then followed Gilbert, another Joan, Anne, Richard, and Edmond, who was born in 1580, and was therefore sixteen years younger than William. With the exception of the second Joan, all the poet's sisters died in childhood; but his brothers attained to mature age.

William, being the eldest son, and born when his father's fortunes were in the ascendant, was no doubt looked carefully after. The year of his birth was one of terror and of woe in Stratford; for the plague which desolated London in 1563, and still continued there, spread over other parts of England in 1564, and the red cross was seen on many a door in quiet country towns, and was nowhere more alarmingly frequent than in Stratford. But, fortunately for mankind, the plague spared the house of Shakespeare. He lay, like Horace—

"Sacrâ
Lauroque, collataque myrto,
Non sine Dis animosus infans.'

They show the room still in which he was born,—a low-roofed, antique apartment, but yet possessing an air of comfort, the walls of which are, in the words of Washington Irving, "covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature."

And when, in happy boyhood, he opened his eyes upon the world, and wandered out into the scenes that surrounded his home, he found them not only full of romantic beauty, but ennobled by old associations and poetical traditions. The immediate neighbourhood of Stratford is undulating and varied, with a picturesque variety of hill and dale, wood and meadowland, through which the Avon flows in silver links. Dear was that river to the young poet—dear no doubt it was to every boy in Stratford; but thoughts came to Shakespeare by its green bank destined to shine as long as its waters run:—

"Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would dream."

He had "an eye for all he saw." Under the hedgerow, through the meadows, on the uplands, and in the beautiful bosom of the country, he noted every weed and wildflower. In after years, when buried in the heart of London, he could see, when he listed,

"The winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;"

or,

—— "Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."

or else,

——— "A bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine."

In the dingiest room, darkened by a city's smoke, he could return at will to the umbrageous oaks and elms beneath whose shadows he had so often lain, and warble, as of old,—

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,

And tune his merry throat
Unto the sweet bird's note,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather!"

When he extended his rambles to greater distances, they led him to some grand old castle, or famous battle-field, or stately ecclesiastical edifice, inspiring a respectful reverence not untouched with awe. He was twelve years old when Elizabeth made her celebrated visit to the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth. The series of princely entertainments with which the aspiring courtier welcomed his sovereign attracted the whole surrounding district, and no doubt Stratford, which was only a few miles off, sent its entire population to testify their admiration and loyalty. It is more than probable that Shakespeare was one of the spectators, and that his imagination may have been there for the first time fired with a love of gorgeous spectacle, and all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of that great pageantry.

There was a good grammar or free school at Stratford in Shakespeare's time. It had been founded in the reign of Henry VI., and had been patronized by Edward IV. We may take it for granted that the poet attended that school, since he certainly lived at Stratford till after his marriage, and there is no trace of his ever having been at any other seminary. The education which the school afforded was not solely rudimental, but extended to the classical languages. The more advanced scholars were afforded an opportunity of becoming familiar with such authors as Terence, Sallust, Cicero, Pliny, Horace, and Virgil. How many years Shakespeare attended this school we do not know, nor what figure he made at it. But we do know that he had a quick and ready wit, a keen perception, and an admirable faculty in the acquisition of knowledge. Admitting, therefore, as some have surmised, that all his schooling took place between his eighth and his sixteenth years, that was time enough for a youth of his capacity to acquire a large if not a profound stock of learning. Shakespeare's first poems, the "Venus and Adonis," the "Lucrece," and the "Passionate Pilgrim" evince strong classical predilections; and no one could have written them who had not drunk at the fountain of the Greek and Latin authors. His plays are full of classical allusions and illustrations. "Troilus and Cressida" possesses Homeric touches; "Coriolanus" and "Julius Cæsar" have all the fire of the grandest of the Roman poets, historians, and orators; "Love's Labour's Lost," one of his earliest comedies, breathes throughout of the youthful scholar; and the "Comedy of Errors" is founded, even to minute details, on the "Menæchmi" of Plautus. If Shakespeare was not, even when a very young man, "a scholar, and a ripe one," he was at least one who had profited much by the instructions of faithful teachers. What his ultimate attainments as a linguist were is not perhaps a matter of great consequence, because he had that within him which raised him as much above the mere linguist as *he* is above the beast that perishes. When Ben Jonson, who piqued himself upon his scholarship, said that Shakespeare had "small Latin and less Greek," he inferentially admitted that he had some of both. Rowe mentions, in his *Life of Shakespeare*, that in a conversation which took place on one occasion between Jonson and Sir John Suckling the latter said, most truly, that "if Jonson would produce any one topic finely treated by any of the ancients, he (Suckling) would undertake to show something upon the same subject, at least as well written, by Shakespeare." Mr. Capel Lofft, in the Introduction to his work entitled *Aphorisms from Shakespeare*, makes the following noteworthy observations:—"If it were asked from what sources Shakespeare drew those abundant streams of wisdom, carrying with their current the fairest and most unfading flowers of poetry, I should be tempted to say he had what would be now considered a very reasonable portion of Latin; he was not wholly ignorant of Greek; he had a knowledge of the French, so as to read it with ease; and, I believe, not less of the Italian. He was habitually conversant in the chronicles of his country. He lived with wise and highly cultivated men, with Jonson, Essex, and Southampton, in familiar friendship. He had deeply imbibed the Scriptures; and his own most acute, profound, active, and original genius (for there never was a truly great poet nor an aphoristic writer of excellence without these accompanying qualities) must take the lead in the solution." Pope, in the valuable Preface to his edition of Shakespeare, gives expression to similar sentiments. "There is a vast difference," he says, "between *learning* and *languages*.

How far Shakespeare was ignorant of the latter I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much *reading* at least, if they will not call it learning: nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanics, ancient and modern history, poetical learning, and mythology; and that he was very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of antiquity."

Learning and the classics were much cultivated in Queen Elizabeth's reign, she herself setting an example of predilection for them. Previously these studies had been mainly confined to the clergy and a few scholars by profession; but now a general enthusiasm sprang up in the cause of letters. The Queen, with the aid of her tutor, Roger Ascham, wrote a commentary on Plato, and translated from the Greek two of the Orations of Isocrates, a Play of Euripides, and portions of Xenophon and Plutarch; and from the Latin, Sallust's *History of the Jugurthine War*, Horace's *De Arte Poetica*, Boethius' *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, and several of Cicero's and Seneca's Epistles. She was also the founder of Westminster School, and of Jesus College, Oxford; whilst her successor James, who loved to be called the British Solomon, before ascending the English throne, had given a charter to the University of Edinburgh. The whole court circle, both male and female, and the upper classes generally, felt themselves constrained to follow in the wake of royalty; and the erudition which diffused itself during Elizabeth's reign deepened into pedantry in that of James. About this time also, and even a little earlier, the modern languages—Spanish, French, and Italian—came much into vogue. Italian, in particular, was so much affected that the devotion to it almost rivalled the classical mania of the day. Wyatt and Surrey took Petrarch for their model; and Sir Philip Sidney, who died about the time that Shakespeare went to London, and who may be said to have introduced pastoral poetry into England, was, in his "Arcadia," an open imitator of Sannazaro. Most of the lyric poems of the time are tinctured with an Italian style. It is traceable in several of Shakespeare's miscellaneous pieces, and particularly in the subtleties and ingenuities with which his Sonnets abound. His acquaintance with the stores of Italian fiction supplied him with the plots of some of his finest plays; and Italy may well be proud of our great bard's ardent attachment to her soil, and just appreciation of her national and individual character.

As yet, however, he was but a schoolboy at Stratford, on whose young life some shadow was about to fall. His father's fortunes declined. The cause has not been ascertained, but the fact seems indisputable. His property was mortgaged; debt pressed upon him; he withdrew from his municipal honours; and the general belief seems to be that, finding himself in straitened circumstances, he took his son William from school about the year 1578, and apprenticed him to his own business. But here again we get upon debateable ground. No one knows as a fact that Shakespeare ever dabbled in the wool-stapling business. Rowe and Malone, on no better data apparently than the acquaintance which the poet has shown with legal terms, have fancied that he must have been in an attorney's office. They might as well have fancied that he had been bred a druggist, or a goldsmith, or a farrier, or an ornithologist, or a sailor, or a watchman, or any other trade under the sun; for there is no trade under the sun with the technicalities of which he does not seem familiar. The probability is (and we have nothing better than probabilities to go upon), that till within a year or two of his marriage in 1582, when he was eighteen years of age, he was at his studies; and that, if his father then "needed him at home," he gave his father such aid in his failing circumstances as he could.

An event happened in 1580 which was calculated to make a greater impression on the poet's mind than all the entries in the Glover's Ledger. The Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," when speaking to Lady Capulet of Juliet's age, says,—

> "'Tis since the *earthquake* now eleven years.

This play was written somewhere about eleven years after 1580, and on the 6th of April of that year there occurred one of the severest earthquakes ever known in England. Holinshed, whose historical writings Shakespeare apparently knew by heart, thus writes of it,—"On the 6th of April (1580), being Wednesday in Easter weeke, about six of the clocke, toward evening, a sudden earthquake happening in London, and almost generallie throughout all England, caused such an amazedness among the people as was wonderfull for the time, and caused them to make their earnest praiers to Almighty God. The great clocke bell in the palace at Westminster strake of itselfe against the hammer with the shaking of the earth, as diverse other clockes and bells in the steeples of London and elsewhere did the like. The gentlemen of the Temple, being then at supper, ran from the tables, and out of their halls, with their knives in their hands. The people assembled at the plaiehouses in the fields were so amazed that, doubting the ruine of the galleries, they made haste to be gone. A piece of the Temple Church fell down; and some stones fell from St. Paul's Church, in London. The tops of diverse chimnies in the citie fell down, the houses were so shaken. A part of the castell at Bishop Stratford, in Essex, fell down. This earthquake indured in or about London not passing one minute of an houre, and was no more felt. But afterward in Kent, and on the sea-coast, it was felt three times; and at Sandwich, at six of the clocke, the land not only quaked, but the sea also foamed, so that the ships tottered. At Dover also, the same houre, was the like, so that a piece of the cliffe fell into the sea, with also a piece of the castell wall there."

Shakespeare had probably not lost his impression of this earthquake when he made Othello exclaim, after the murder of Desdemona,—

"Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration."

Or when he put into Hotspur's mouth, in "King Henry IV.," the words,—

"Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd,
. . . which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers."

Or when Lennox, the morning after the murder of Duncan, utters these graphic lines,—

"The night has been unruly; where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake."

Manhood was now dawning, and the mightiest though the tenderest of human passions was waiting in the dawn for Shakespeare.

"As on the sweetest buds
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all."

Shottery is a picturesque hamlet about a mile distant from Stratford. In a cottage there dwelt Anne Hathaway, the daughter of Richard Hathaway, a substantial yeoman. "Shottery," says Mr. Halliwell, in his elaborate Shakespearian work, "is a little hamlet in the parish of Stratford, situated about a mile to the west of the town by a pathway across the fields. Some years ago the meadows were thoroughly rural, and so was the village. Approaching the hamlet from Stratford, at the entrance of the lane past the fields stands the Shakespeare Inn, a pleasing example of the old half-timbered house that must formerly have been common in Shottery, and of which a few lingering traces still remain, in spite of innovation. Proceeding down the lane, as we arrive in sight of Anne Hathaway's cottage, a clear and ample brook crossed the road, once traversed by means of a picturesque wooden bridge, composing a scene that the most prosaic would admit harmonized with the idea of the locality of a poet's love."

The two families had probably been long acquainted, for there is evidence that John Shakespeare and a Richard Hathaway were friends; and, doubtless, William often took that path by the fields. Whether Anne was in reality beautiful we know not; but she was to be our Shakespeare's wife, and therefore she has an interest for all ages. Unfortunately, however, in the sober and unromantic matter of the lady's age *surgit aliquid amari.* She was eight years older than Shakespeare, for she was born in 1556, so that in the year of their marriage (1582) she was twenty-six, and he was only eighteen. Yet let no fault be imputed to either. He was no doubt older for his years, both in physical and mental development, than any of the youth of Stratford; that he possessed great manly beauty is a tradition handed down by Aubrey, and corroborated by the fact of his early success on the stage, and the lineaments of the most authentic likenesses of him that remain. The first love of a glowing and intelligent youth, who suddenly feels himself a man, is commonly older than himself. The girls with whom he has romped as a boy are to him still girls; but, impressed with the necessity of bestowing his affections somewhere, he experiences a glow of pride in finding them accepted by a full-grown woman. And how should any woman have shut her heart to Shakespeare if he chose to woo her?

They were married at the end of November or in December, 1582; and we need not suppose that the alliance was against the wishes of either of the families, or that it was prompted by any but disinterested motives and mutual attachment. His perfect understanding of the holiness and the virtue of a well-assorted marriage appears from many passages of his works. How finely Suffolk says, in the first part of "King Henry VI.,"—

"A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace."

And how pure and noble is that 116th Sonnet, in which he writes—

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
  Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
  Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
  That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
  Whose worth 's unknown although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
  Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
  But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd."

The course of Shakespeare's after-life took him much away from Stratford; but, for aught that is known to the contrary, he generally left his wife and children there, being unwilling, perhaps, to expose them to the perils of that society in which he was obliged to mingle in London. We are not entitled to suppose that he had any cause to complain of domestic unhappiness. He paid regular visits to Stratford, and "the wife of his youth was the companion of his latest years." He had three children—Susannah, Hamnet, and Judith—the two last being twins. Susannah was born in May, 1583, and the other two in January, 1585. The date of the birth of the first child being within seven months of the date of the marriage, has led to some scandalous gossip. But an error of some months may have crept into the dates; and if it has not, we at all events know that Shakespeare behaved with honour, and kept the troth he had plighted. His son Hamnet died in 1596, when he was eleven years and six months old. The two daughters grew up to womanhood, married, and survived their father a number of years. They must have been well educated and well brought up; for they both obtained good husbands, and lived in the respect and esteem of those who knew them. Susannah married, in 1607, John Hall, a physician of considerable repute; and when she died, in 1649, it was recorded on her tombstone, apparently with truth, that she was "witty above her sex," and "wise to salvation." She was the mother of only one child, Elizabeth, who was born in February, 1608,—so that the poet became a grandfather at forty-five. His granddaughter married, in 1626, Mr. Thomas Nash, a country gentleman of independent fortune. On his death, in 1647, she again married, in 1649, Sir John Barnard, Knight, of Abington. She died in 1669, and left no issue by either of her husbands. Judith, Shakespeare's younger daughter, married Mr. Thomas Quiney, a vintner or wine merchant at Stratford, a month or two before her father's death. She had by him three children; but they all died young; and she herself followed them to the grave in 1662. The death, therefore, of Lady Barnard, in 1669, terminated the lineal descendants of Shakespeare. The collateral kindred, through his sister Joan, had a much longer succession; but it, too, came to an end about forty years ago. Joan married, in 1599, William Hart, an honest tradesman, to whom she bore children; and they and their descendants continued to live at Stratford for two hundred and thirty years. None of the family ever achieved any distinction, except a grandchild, Charles Hart, who rose as an actor to the first honours of the stage. One of the last of the Harts was an aged maiden, who, in 1825, occupied the house in which her great ancestor was born, and showed visitors some relics, together with a manuscript play written by herself, but of very humble merit.

In a very few years after his marriage, perhaps when he was twenty-two years of age,—a young husband and a young father,—certainly not more than three or four years later, he determined on going to London to push his fortune. There is a story, which is now almost stereotyped into his biography, that he was induced to take this step in consequence of having got himself into trouble by some unlawful meddling with the deer in the parks of Fullbroke or Charlecote, belonging to Sir Thomas Lucy, a neighbouring country gentleman. That Shakespeare knew every nook and corner, every sequestered dingle and romantic recess of those old woods; that he had a thousand times dived into their depths, and made himself familiar with all the winged and four-footed animals that inhabited them, treasuring up those fancies and visions to which he afterwards gave such exquisite realization in his "As You Like It," no one need doubt. But that Shakespeare ever crossed the green paths as a vulgar stealer of deer, was ever convicted of theft, and personally chastised for it, is a base and idle tale, to be treated with the "summary indignation" which De Quincey has so well bestowed upon it. In the first place, it seems to be ascertained, through the researches of Malone, that though Sir Thomas Lucy had noble and extensive grounds, he had no deer park. In the next place, if it is necessary to say more, the only punishment which could be imposed under the statute then in force (the 5th of Elizabeth, cap. 21) for the suppression of deer-stealing was imprisonment for three months, and a fine payable to the party offended. Whipping was out of the question; and there is not the slightest tradition or rumour that Shakespeare was ever imprisoned. Not one of his literary rivals, some of whom tried to pick flaws in him at first, ever twitted him with any such offence or its consequences. In the third place, Sir Thomas Lucy was High Sheriff of Warwickshire, and Shakespeare was the oldest son of a chief magistrate of Stratford, with whom it is more than probable the Sheriff was on familiar terms, and it is therefore most *im*probable that the one would commit the offence, or the other prosecute it. Rowe, his first biographer, is responsible for having given circulation to the calumny, without any sufficient warrant. He says, with much coolness, and a sort of vulgar familiarity,—"Shakespeare had, by a misfortune common enough to *young fellows*, fallen into ill company; and amongst them some, *that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing*, engaged him *more than once* in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy." Aubrey, an older authority than Rowe, is wholly silent on this scandal; but a scribbler of the name of Davies improves considerably upon Rowe's version. He says,—"Shakespeare was much given to all unlawfulness *in stealing venison and rabbits*, particularly from Sir Lucy, who *had him oft whipped*, and *sometimes imprisoned*, and at last made him fly his native country." And thus the rolling stone gathered moss, in spite of the proverb; and then there came an adjunct to it, that the first verses Shakespeare ever wrote were a lampoon on Sir Thomas, and that these bred him further grief. The verses are still more apochryphal than the story. They were produced for the first time so late as 1778, by Steevens, from the manuscript of the antiquary Oldys, who died in 1761. They are stupid and vulgar, beginning with the lines,—

> 'A parliamente member, a justice of peace,
> At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse ;"

which, as De Quincey remarks, resemble more a production of Charles II.'s reign, and were no doubt levelled by an irritated poetaster at some other and later Lucy. It was contrary to Shakespeare's whole nature to write epigrams or lampoons against anyone. The epithet "gentle" has been indissolubly united with his name. He was full of a gracious benignity. He gave wilful offence to no man. He had, assuredly, no unpleasant reminiscence of any incident in his own life connected with the "poor sequestered stag" when he penned that exquisite description of the wounded deer that came to languish

> "Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
> Upon the brook that brawls along this wood ;"

or when he made the Duke say, in the Forest of Ardennes,—

> "Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
> And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
> Being native burghers of this desert city,—
> Should in their own confines, with forked heads,
> Have their round haunches gor'd."

It may be—although of this there is no substantial evidence—that some youthful adventure, prompted by no ignoble motive, but by the simple love of adventure, in which Shakespeare did not keep altogether on the windy side of the law, was one of the causes which led to his leaving Stratford. The truth, however, more probably is, that the hour had arrived when his expanding mind began to aspire after greater things than the narrow sphere of a small provincial town, —when he felt the "wild pulsation" which genius so often feels before the tumult of life begins,—

> "Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
> Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,
> And at night, along the dusky highway, near and nearer drawn,
> Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn ;
> And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
> Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men."

So he bade farewell, doubtless with a throbbing heart, and not without some "natural tears," to Anne Hathaway, Susannah, Hamnet, and Judith, making such arrangements for their comfort as his means afforded ; and, with the dauntless resolution of the soldier who is ever ready to exclaim,—

> "Why, then, the world's mine oyster
> Which I with sword will open,"

he turned his back upon the humble houses of Stratford, and all the scenes of his earlier days, and plunged with a vague hope into the great Babel "among the throngs of men," as so many thousands and thousands of youthful pilgrims have done from generation to generation.

Whether he had any direct and immediate intention of going upon the stage cannot now be known. His first poetical pieces did not take a dramatic shape, but were rather didactic and lyrical ; and there was no occasion to go to London to write them. Old Aubrey, however, saw no mystery in the matter. He simply says,—"This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London." It is possible that the visits of the players to Stratford between the years 1579 and 1587 had some influence upon his resolution. Whatever was the inducing cause, he became an actor ; and continued in that profession for eighteen or twenty years—namely, from 1586 to 1606, or thereby. Yet it would appear that there were moments when he regretted he had ever condescended to tread the boards. In his 91st Sonnet he touchingly says,—

"O, for my sake, do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Hence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost then my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

And again, in the 110th Sonnet,—

"Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view."

But this was not the normal state of Shakespeare's cheerful and unselfish mind. After alluding, in the 29th Sonnet, to his occasional despondency, when he fancies himself "in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes," he finely reverts at the close to the consolation derived from the assured affection of the friend to whom it is addressed,—

"Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,—
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth,—sings hymns at heaven's gate,
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

In 1593 his contemporary, Chettle, praised the excellence of his acting. Aubrey says of him,—"He did act exceedingly well." It is on record that two of his parts were, the Ghost in his own "Hamlet," and Adam in "As You Like It," the first of which affords scope for great elocutionary powers, and the latter for the delineation of some fine points of character. It is also handed down that he occasionally appeared in "kingly parts"—being, no doubt, well adapted for them by his graceful and manly bearing. Queen Elizabeth and James, who were both fond of theatrical entertainments, must frequently have seen him act; and Ben Jonson no doubt alludes to their estimation of him, both as an actor and a writer, in the well-known lines, forming part of his tribute to the memory of his "beloved Master William Shakespeare,"—

"Sweet swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee on our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James."

Whatever his powers as an actor were, one thing is clear, that no man ever understood better the correct theory of acting, or had a profounder appreciation of what constitute its defects and its excellences; witness Hamlet's address to the players, and other passages, full of the soundest precepts and most correct practical rules.

It is provoking that we are here obliged to notice another idle and trumpery legend about Shakespeare, to which Dr. Samuel Johnson seems to have given credence, namely, that he supported himself, on first going to London, by holding the horses of those who rode to the play. The great lexicographer's version of this fiction, which he says came from Mr. Pope, is as follows:—"In the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play, and when Shakespeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those who had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness that in a short time every man, as he alighted, called for Will Shakespeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will Shakespeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will Shakespeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakespeare's boy, sir*." This is a piece of transparent twaddle from beginning to end. It is not true that persons rode on horseback to the play; and if they had, it is ridiculous to suppose that they would have entrusted their horses to be held in the street in all weathers for a period of three or four hours. It is a contemptible calumny that Shakespeare ever sunk so low as to stand shivering night after night holding a horse, or, as the Doctor would have us believe, half-a-dozen horses, for the sake of a few pence haughtily bestowed by town gallants who had been sitting at their ease witnessing some play of Greene or of Marlowe, while Shakespeare, forsooth, already a man of two-and-twenty, brimming over with the highest fancies, consorted as a stable-boy with the lowest dregs of the street. This precious *canard* first appeared in a worthless book entitled *The Lives of the Poets*, published as the work of Theophilus Cibber, but said to be written by a Scotchman of the name of Shiels, who was an amanuensis of Dr. Johnson. Even Rowe rejected the story, and there is not a shadow of foundation for it.

A theatre, considered merely in its aspect as a place of amusement, was a very different thing in the time of Shakespeare from what it has become since. With the increase of wealth, civilisation, and luxury, gorgeous theatres sprang up a century later in every populous city of Europe. Architecture lent its most elaborate graces; decorative art was exhausted to furnish the richest embellishments; every new mechanical appliance was made available to enhance the delusion and increase the interest of the scene; skilfully painted canvas realized the locality in which the action was laid; lights, unknown to our ancestors, brilliant as the day, yet capable of being tempered to any strength, illuminated the scene; music, instrumental and vocal, of the most perfect kind,—marbles, mirrors, gildings, draperies,—every conceivable adjunct was present calculated to add to sensuous delight; and, finally, "fair women and brave men," in every variety of attractive and picturesque costume, seemed to tread enchanted ground in presence of a rapt and breathless audience. Such is what a theatre,—a San Carlo or La Scala,—latterly became. When Shakespeare went to London it was a circular wooden booth, in many instances open to the sky, except over the stage and gallery, where it was roofed in from the weather. Some lanterns shed a dim light through the body of the house, and a few branches, with candles stuck into them, hung over the stage. The orchestra, if so it might be called, was composed of several trumpets, cornets, and hautboys. The stage itself was generally strewed with rushes, except on extraordinary occasions, when it was matted. It had a fixed roof, painted blue to represent the sky; and when tragedies were performed it was generally hung with black. There was little or no movable painted scenery. A board was hung up containing the name of the place where the action was supposed to be. The stage properties were of the humblest description. The exhibition of a bedstead indicated a bedchamber; a table with pen and ink, a sitting-room. A few rude models or drawings of towers, walls, trees, tombs, and animals, were sometimes introduced. No such phenomenon as a female actress existed, or would have been tolerated. All female parts were played by boys or young men, who frequently wore masks or visards. The performance was often by daylight, beginning at three o'clock P.M. The prices of admission varied from a shilling (or rather more) to a penny. At the conclusion of each performance the actors knelt on the stage and offered up a prayer for the Queen.

Sir Philip Sidney, in a treatise published in 1583, graphically alludes to the rough and simple condition of the stage. He says,—"In most pieces the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies" (that is, boys in female attire) "walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden; by and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster, with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the meantime two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?" Shakespeare himself, in his prologue to "King Henry the Fifth," asks pardon for the spirit

"that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

It is one of the glories of Shakespeare that all this poverty of mechanical aid was to him a matter of perfect indifference, and that, though professionally connected with the stage, he never wrote a single line that smelt of the footlights and of stage varnish. His muse soared to the "brightest heaven of invention;" he wrote to suit no actor; he adapted himself to no stage conventionalities; he never stooped to think whether his plays would be performed or not. All that wondrous poetry emanated from him as light does from the sun, or music from an Æolian harp.

It might have been a painful thought to a lesser genius that a painted or visared youth was to desecrate Desdemona, caricature Ophelia, and render Juliet ludicrous. But it irked him not a jot. He saw those radiant shapes in his mind's eye, and they were his and ours for evermore, incapable of obscuration or debasement. What gratitude can be excessive, what love too much for the man who has given us not only "the gentle lady married to the Moor"—not only the fair Ophelia—not only the exquisite daughter of the Capulets,—but Imogen, Hermione, Perdita, Miranda, Viola, Isabella, Rosalind, Constance, Portia, Cordelia! Thank heaven! it was not that they might "strut their hour" upon the stage that he conceived of beings such as these, warmer, purer, and more tenderly human than the finest prototypes of classical antiquity. The Antigones, the Electras, the Iphigenias—beautiful impersonations though they be—are cold, and stately, and statuesque, beside the flesh and blood realities of Shakespeare. He delighted not to paint abstraction,—he dealt with the sensibilities which throb in every bosom,—he touched "the very pulse of the machine." The creature he presented to us was, as one of the greatest of his successors has said,—

"A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death,
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light."

If there be one thing more wonderful than another in Shakespeare's genius, it is his delicate and profound appreciation of female character through every variety of shade, every gradation of beauty. And he had his reward, though no Siddons or O'Neil, no Madame Mars, Pasta, Rachel or Ristori ever gladdened his eye, or led him to anticipate that the portraits he had hung up in the hearts of all the world might yet walk from their frames and speak his words to ravished ears.

About the time when Shakespeare came to London, the taste for stage representations had so much increased that there were already several—probably six—distinct companies of players in London, besides two of children. It was only by becoming a member of a regularly licensed company that a player could escape being considered, in the phraseology of the statute law, a "vagabond." The Lord Chamberlain had the power of issuing, in favour of certain of the court nobility, licenses which entitled the granter to incorporate a company of players. In this way were founded the companies of Lords Leicester, Warwick, Howard, Essex, Derby, and Arundel (afterwards the Lord Admiral's), and others.

The company which Shakespeare first joined is held to have been that of Lord Strange. This was, however, afterwards absorbed into that which was the most distinguished both then and afterwards. It was first called Lord Hunsdon's, then (after his appointment to the office) the Lord Chamberlain's, and afterwards (in 1603) the King's. James Burbage was manager and head of the Lord Chamberlain's company, and it was he who, in 1599, built the Globe Theatre, whither his company now removed. In 1613 they began acting at the Blackfriars, between St. Paul's and Blackfriars' Bridge, which Burbage had converted into a theatre in 1596. The Blackfriars was a winter theatre, and was therefore roofed in, differing in that respect from the Globe, where Shakespeare likewise continued to act. The Burbages, whose then company (the Queen's) had visited Stratford in 1587, were in all probability of Warwickshire descent, and may have been early acquaintances of Shakespeare. If this conjecture be correct, his introduction to their theatre would not be a matter of any difficulty. He would be welcomed all the more readily if known to be himself a composer; for at that period there was a close alliance between dramatic poetry and histrionic art. It was indeed almost an understood thing that the dramatist should aid in the representation of his own pieces. Such men as Greene, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Heywood, Webster, and others, united both arts.

Richard Burbage, the son of James, who was born three years later than Shakespeare, and died three years after him, was a devoted friend of the poet, and, according to all tradition, as fine a Shakespearian actor as the stage has ever seen. It is said that his just and truthful representation of almost all Shakespeare's leading characters first riveted public attention on them. He was not of large stature, but, in the words of one of his admiring contemporaries, he was "beauty to the eye and music to the ear." He did not appear in comic parts; but he had a wide range of histrionic talent; for it is recorded of him that he was equally delightful in the youthful Pericles and the aged Lear, and that he achieved great success in Hamlet, Richard III., Shylock, Romeo, Brutus, Othello, Macbeth, and Coriolanus. An old writer says,—"One of his chief parts wherein, beyond the rest, he moved the heart, was the *grieved* Moor,"—a well-chosen epithet, and indicative that the actor had a delicate appreciation of the character. It may readily be believed that dearer to the heart of Richard Burbage than all contemporary praise were the four words in Shakespeare's last will, bequeathing to him a ring in token of the poet's loving remembrance.

By the time James I. ascended the throne, Shakespeare's company was, as we have seen, in possession of both the Globe and Blackfriars' theatres. James adopted the company as his own, and its members were then for the first time designated His Majesty's servants. He granted in their favour a royal license in the year 1603, in which he licenses and authorizes Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, John Hemings, and the rest of their associates, "freely to use and exercise the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, morals, pastorals, stage plays, and such like other as they have already studied, or hereafter shall use or study, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure when we shall think good to see them." This license was the more valuable that it was not limited to "their now usual house, called the Globe," but entitled them "to show and exercise publicly, to their best commodity, within any townhall or moute-halls, or other convenient places within the liberties and freedom of any other city, university town, or burgh whatsoever, within our said realms and dominions."

Shakespeare held shares possibly in the Blackfriars, certainly in the Globe, the one being principally used as a summer and the other as a winter theatre. It is worthy of remark that the brothers Burbage mention him before their other fellow-shareholders in a document referring to the Globe theatre, and that, in the King's license in 1603, his name stands second. Laurence Fletcher, who is mentioned before Shakespeare, and had succeeded James Burbage in the management, had performed before King James in Scotland, where he was with his company from October, 1599, to December, 1601. Fletcher must have taken the company to different towns in Scotland, and must have conducted himself in a creditable manner, for the municipal records of Aberdeen instruct that he was presented with the freedom of the city on October 22nd, 1601, and was entered as a burgess under the designation of "Comedian to His Majesty." This suggests the interesting inquiry, whether Shakespeare did not also visit Scotland as one of Fletcher's associates. Sir John Sinclair, in his statistical account, when referring to the local traditions respecting Macbeth's castle at Dunsinnan, infers from their coincidence with the drama that Shakespeare, "in his capacity of actor, travelled in Scotland in 1599, and collected on the spot materials for the exercise of his imagination." A subsequent writer objects that Shakespeare could not have heard the country people pronounce the word Dunsinnan, as they always put the accent on the second syllable, whereas he throws it on the last. It is true that he does so frequently, but not always, as witness the lines,—

> "Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
> Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinnan hill
> Shall come against him."

Mr. Charles Knight argues strongly in favour of the probability of Shakespeare having been in Scotland. He contends that the company which James patronized in Scotland, and the manager of which is there recognized as "His Majesty's Comedian," was the same to which he granted the letters patent in 1603. If so, Shakespeare was a leading member of it as well in 1601 as in 1603, and could not be spared when an expedition was undertaken to Scotland. Being also by this time a poet of distinction, Mr. Knight thinks that his presence would operate as an additional inducement to the worthy magistrates of Aberdeen to confer the freedom of the city on the head of the company. All this is very conjectural; but yet all Scotchmen must wish to believe that the poet saw with his own eyes their glens and mountains, heard their ancient tongue, inquired concerning their national superstitions, and listened, not unmoved, to some of their old-world stories of witches and weird women.—

"Posters of the sea and land."

How pleasant it is to believe that he had himself observed the "temple-haunting martlet" making its "pendant bed and procreant cradle" among the ruins of Macbeth's castle; that he had breathed the air of Birnam wood, and stood on the breezy forehead of Dunsinnan hill.

The supernatural machinery interwoven with the tragedy of "Macbeth" is founded on a superstitious belief which was entertained during Shakespeare's lifetime by all classes both in England and Scotland. In a sermon which Bishop Jewel preached before Elizabeth, he beseeched Her Grace to understand that witches and sorcerers had marvellously increased within the realm, and that through their malevolence Her Grace's subjects often pined away even unto death; their colour fading, their flesh rotting, their speech denied, and their senses obscured. If any adversity, grief, sickness, loss of children, of corn, cattle, or other possessions, happened to any one, witches were blamed for it. The Queen herself, "being under excessive anguish *by pains of her teeth*, in so much that she took no rest for divers nights," a Mrs. Dier was accused of having brought on the affliction by conjuration and witchcraft. If there was a thunderstorm or a gale of wind one or two witches were seized and burned as a preventative for the future. This popular frenzy was much encouraged by the publication, at Edinburgh, in 1597, of a work entitled *Daemonologie*, by no less an author than King James himself. This treatise owed its origin, it was said, to a discovery which the King had made, that when he went to Denmark, in 1590, there was a conspiracy of two hundred witches to drown him on his return. A London edition of the *Daemonologie* was issued in 1603, the preface to which speaks of "the fearful abounding at this time in this country of these detestable slaves of the devil, the witches or enchanters." The legislature lent its sanction to the belief: in a statute against witches, which was passed soon after the accession of James, and was not repealed till 1736, it was enacted that any one who should practise any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult, covenant with, entertain or employ, feed or reward any such evil or wicked spirit; or who should take up any dead man, woman, or child out of the grave, or the skin, bone, or other part of any dead person, to be employed in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment, whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in body; such offenders, on being duly convicted, shall suffer death. The persons suspected of witchcraft were for the most part old, lame, blear-eyed, and wrinkled women, who led sullen and solitary lives. They were credited with the power of inducing on whom they chose, apoplexies, epilepsies, convulsions, fevers, and all the other ills "that flesh is heir to." They could also raise spirits, dry up springs, turn the course of running waters, go in and out without the aid of doors, and sail in shells and cockboats through and under tempestuous seas. James informs us in his book that they likewise made images in wax or clay, which they wasted before a slow fire, giving them the names of particular persons, who forthwith melted or dried away without knowing the cause of their sickness. Spenser, in his great poem, describes the abode of a witch:—

"There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of sticks and reeds
In homely wise, and wall'd with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell in loathly weeds
And wilful want, all careless of her needs;
So choosing solitary to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her devilish deeds
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off, unknown, whomever she envied."

Shakespeare, with higher power, invests the witches in "Macbeth" with a sort of mysterious grandeur, whilst he at the same time strictly conforms to the current superstitions regarding them :—

> "What are these,
> So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
> That look not like the inhabitants of earth,
> And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
> That man may question? You seem to understand me,
> By each at once her choppy finger laying
> Upon her skinny lips :—you should be women,
> And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
> That you are so."

The caldron scene in the fourth act is of the wildest and most imaginative description, and though frequently adulterated on the modern stage by the introduction of sheer buffoonery, must have thrilled with awe the unsceptical spectators to whom it was originally presented. Macbeth himself, like his successor King James, believed in the "unknown power" :—

> "I conjure you, by that which you profess,—
> Howe'er you come to know it,—answer me :
> Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
> Against the churches ; though the yesty waves
> Confound and swallow navigation up ;
> Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown down ;
> Though castles topple on their warders' heads :
> Though palaces and pyramids do slope
> Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
> Of nature's germins tumble all together,—
> Even till destruction sicken,—answer me
> To what I ask."

Shakespeare found another,—a gentler and more loveable superstition,—in the fairy mythology, which he turned to such delightful account, especially in his "Midsummer Night's Dream." The popular creed concerning fairies seems to have been of Scandinavian origin, and was more pagan in character than those other beliefs in the supernatural, for which some warrant was found in Scripture. Shakespeare added a new grace to fairy lore ; he almost remodelled and re-invented it. The places to which fairies were supposed to be most attached, —the green knoll, the opening in the wood, the crystal fountain ; the ornaments and costume they most affected, the playful pranks in which they revelled, their dancing on the sands "with printless foot," their making of "midnight mushrooms," their gathering of dewdrops, and hanging "a pearl in every cowslip's ear," their creeping into acorn cups, their killing of "cankers in the musk rosebuds," their keeping back the "clamorous owl" that nightly wondered at them, their singing their Queen Titania asleep, their stealing the honey-bags from the humble bees, and plucking the wings from painted butterflies, their bringing "jewels from the deep" for the bewildered Bottom, and feeding him with dew-berries, their putting a girdle "round about the earth in forty minutes,"—all these, and many other traits of fairy life and customs, we learn from him, and are indebted for the knowledge to the captivating enthusiasm with which he entered into this ideal world, and sported with those favourite children of his fancy. The very names he gave his fairies carry a charm with them,—Oberon, Titania, Puck or Robin Goodfellow, Peasblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, Cricket, Queen Mab ; to which let us add Ariel, who slept in a cowslip's bell, and lived so merrily "under the blossom that hangs on the bough." He, like Prospero, was known to you all, and was your familiar friend—

> "Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves.
> And ye that on the sands with printless foot
> Do chase the ebbing Neptune !"

A graver superstition, if so it must be called, which takes the form of a belief in ghosts and apparitions, and the reappearance of the spirits of the departed, was and is too deeply enwoven with human nature to have been overlooked by Shakespeare. He dealt with it sparingly, but with wonderful power, not unmixed with reverence. The supernatural visitation to Hamlet is conducted with a solemn grandeur and air of reality throughout that has never been equalled in poetry. It is impossible to read the scene in which the ghost of the dead king appears, without feeling convinced that it all happened as described. If ever a ghost was permitted to walk the earth, and to hold communion with human beings, we cannot conceive of more perfectly appropriate action and language than Shakespeare has used. Nor in any after-scene of the play can it be forgot that Hamlet has gone through the ordeal of receiving that terrible revelation from another world. He thenceforth looks at Ophelia, his mother, his stepfather, with the eyes of one who has seen the dead. He has heard the "eternal blazon," and all other "motives and cues for action" affect his mind subserviently.—Scarcely less awful, though less elaborately conducted, are the spectral appearances in "Julius Cæsar," in "Macbeth," and in "Richard the Third." Most touching and thrilling is the scene in which the ghost of Cæsar so suddenly appears to Brutus. There is a sort of retributive justice in it, which gives it a naturalness and a probability. Brutus is alone in his tent on the night before the decisive battle. He has had a quarrel with his best friend, Cassius, and he has unexpectedly received the mournful intelligence of the death of Portia. A sadness has gathered upon him, against which he contends proudly, but it overmatches his stoicism. His page, Lucius, from whom he had asked for some music, has fallen asleep over his lute. Brutus resumes a book he had been reading, having found the place where he had turned down the leaf. It is midnight, and he is seated beside a solitary taper. He has just remarked how ill it burns, when the sudden ghost of the man he had stabbed stands before him:—

"Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well;
Then I shall see thee again.
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Exit* Ghost.

Whether we take this as a reality, or as a spectral illusion visible only to a diseased and overwrought brain, no pale Nemesis ever made a ghastlier annunciation of approaching disaster and death.

Dramatic literature in England before Shakespeare was in its infancy, and it was not an Herculean infancy. The first original play regularly divided into acts and scenes, and making pretension to a consistent action and a poetical delineation of character, was the tragedy of "Gorboduc," or "Ferrex and Porrex," by Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, produced in 1561, just three years before Shakespeare was born. Prior to that period there were no plays properly so called. There were itinerant jesters, who amused the common people with the recitation of vulgar dialogue, there were interludes, as they were called, of a rather more advanced kind, and there were a few rude farces, such as "Ralph Roister Doister," hardly any of which have come down to us. "Gammer Gurton's Needle," which made a slight advance towards comedy, was acted not long before 1575, several years after the "Ferrex and Porrex." There had existed, it is true, from an earlier time, religious plays in rhyme, which the Church, prior to the Reformation, did not generally discourage, and which were known by the names of "Mysteries," "Moralities," and "Miracle" plays. The Mysteries and Miracle plays dealt almost exclusively with scriptural narratives and personages, in a manner which nowadays would be considered not a little profane: the Moralities did not present real, but allegorical persons.

When the ice, however, was at length broken, and a play, bearing some remote resemblance to the ancient models of Greece and Rome, was successfully produced, others speedily followed, and something like a national drama arose. Richard Edwardes brought out his "Damon and Pythias" and "Palamon and Arcite;" Robert Wilmot and others, the "Tragedie of Tancred and Gismond;" Thomas Garter, the "Commedy of the Most Virtuous and Godly Susanna;"

George Peele, who was educated at Oxford, "Edward the First" (one of the species called Chronicle Histories), "The Old Wives' Tale," and other plays; John Lilly, "Sappho and Phaon," "Endymion," and many other pieces; Thomas Kyd, "The Spanish Tragedy," a continuation of "Jeronimo," perhaps also written by him; and Robert Greene, "Friar Bacon" and "James the Fourth slain at Flodden." Though some of these writers were not without vigour and poetical spirit, they have achieved little general reputation beyond that of being our earliest dramatists. Christopher Marlowe took a higher flight, and was beyond doubt the most eminent dramatic poet anterior to Shakespeare. His life, however, was vicious; and no poet with a corrupted mind can ever produce the highest poetry. His plays, containing, as they do, some vivid though imperfect delineations of character, and frequent passages of considerable power, which, nevertheless, hardly justify Ben Jonson's phrase of "Marlowe's mighty line," are much disfigured with bombast, and are full of forced and unnatural incident. His principal pieces are "Tamburlane the Great," in two parts, "Doctor Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward the Second." Of these "Doctor Faustus" is the most remarkable for originality and boldness. It contains a good deal of the fire at which Goethe afterwards lighted his lamp. As a whole, however, Marlowe's writings have hardly as yet taken hold of the general mind, and cannot be said to enjoy any wide popularity in the present day.

Shakespeare's immediate contemporaries and followers, catching apparently fresh inspiration from him, and soaring far above the writers who had preceded them, formed a school of dramatic literature which has never been equalled since, and which constitutes the chief glory of the Elizabethan era. Around Shakespeare, the great central luminary, we find collected the shining names of Ben Jonson, Massinger, Fletcher, Beaumont, Ford, Webster, Middleton, Decker, and Chapman. A wonderful richness of power and matter is prominent in the works of all these poets. We owe them much for many a noble thought and many a finely conceived character. Their chief fault lay in a want of control over their own strength; their freedom and power were often misused; the sense of moderation is wanting; exuberance of fancy is counted better than a high moral aim; bombast is sometimes mistaken for sublimity. Like certain portrait painters, they endeavour to intensify the likeness by exaggerating the characteristic features, and they thus "overstep the modesty of nature." The learned German critic, Gervinus, speaks truly of them when he says,—"Everything in the minds engaged testifies of sap and vigour, of life and motion, of luxuriant creative genius, of ready ability to satisfy a glaring taste with glaring effects; but the plastic hand of that master is absent who created *his* works according to the demands of the highest ideal of art." Shakespeare as Dryden long ago remarked, stands as high above them,—

"Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi."

Nevertheless, there is a mine of wealth in their works from which hundreds of feebler poets have furtively enriched themselves, and in which the careful student will always find much precious ore, easily separable from the surrounding alloy.

The twenty years which Shakespeare spent in London cannot but have passed pleasantly in the society that surrounded and caressed him. He had his choice of all that was most intellectual and all that was most refined. His moral character was without reproach; his disposition magnanimous and gentle; his manner open and unassuming. "I loved the man," says Ben Jonson, "and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any: he was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature." Other contemporaries speak of his "uprightness of dealing," his "generosity of mind and mood," his "pleasurable wit," his "unfailing candour." Aubrey, in his plain, prosaic way, says,—"He was a handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit." His "sugared sonnets among his friends," as Meres calls them, seem to have been circulated and much talked of before they were published. The epithets most commonly applied to him were "honey-tongued," or "silver-tongued," "sweet swan of Avon," "mellifluous," "gentle," "beloved." He reciprocated all the affection that was lavished on him, for it is evident from his writings that friendship was the chief solace of his life. It was friends who were "precious" to him that filled his heart,—

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
He summoned up remembrance of things past."

The Earls of Southampton, Pembroke, and Montgomery, especially the first, were his cherished and constant companions. The only two letters written by Shakespeare which have come down to us, and which possess, therefore, a heightened interest, are those in which he dedicates to Southampton his "Venus and Adonis" and his "Rape of Lucrece." The first was published in 1593, and its style indicates that the friendship was then only in its bud which afterwards ripened so fully. It is as follows :—

"*To the Right Honourable* HENRY WRIOTHESLY, *Earl of Southampton and Baron of Tichfield.*

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,

"I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden : only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear (*cultivate*) so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content ; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation. Your honour's in all duty,

"WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE."

The "Lucrece" was published in May, 1594, and the more familiar style of the letter prefixed to it indicates the rapid progress which had been made in the personal relationships of the earl and the poet. It runs thus :—

"The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end, whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety (*portion*). The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours ; what I have to do is yours : being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater my duty would show greater : meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship ; to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness. Your lordship's in all duty,

"WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE."

Southampton was an enthusiastic lover of the drama ; spent much time at the theatre ; and no doubt frequently mingled with Shakespeare's friends there. He might meet sometimes with Spenser and Bacon, with Raleigh and Pembroke, with Ben Jonson, Selden, Carew, and Massinger. With some of these and Shakespeare he may have adjourned to that famous club at the Mermaid, in Cornhill, where Fuller says there were many wit-combats between Shakespeare and Jonson ; and of which Beaumont writes,—

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid ! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole soul in a jest.
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty, tho' but downright fools."

Nor did that "merrie companie" confine itself to the Mermaid. Shakespeare has himself immortalized the Boar's Head in Eastcheap and the Garter at Windsor ; and Herrick asks affectionately of Jonson,—

"Ah, Ben !
Say how or when
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun !

Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine!"

He had also his annual, if not more frequent, visits to Stratford, round which all his early associations centred, and where his family lived. His father did not die till 1601, and his mother survived for seven years later, having reached the ripe age of seventy. His brother Gilbert had grown into manhood; his sister Joan was passing through her teens; Richard was at school; and Edmond, his youngest brother, was still so young as to be a playmate for his daughter Susannah. Anne Hathaway watched over his two girls and his son Hamnet till the sad year 1596, when the dark shadow crossed their threshold, and the boy was taken from them on the 11th August. Shakespeare no doubt attended the funeral with a saddened heart: but in general his visits must have been occasions of great happiness to himself and his relatives. He was rising in the world; he had gained a handsome independence; his name was becoming famous. Rumours had reached Stratford that he was beloved by great nobles, and that the Queen herself had smiled upon him. Sentiments of wonder and admiration would mingle with the affection of his old friends: in him, however, they would find no change,—no lofty airs, no paltry affectation,—the same simplicity, the same gentle earnestness. How should the passing breath of popular applause excite any complacent vanity in one who was too great to be conscious of effort, too full of immortality to be dependent on the "ignorant present!"

Some striking historical events happened during Shakespeare's residence in London. There were, or had been immediately before, religious wars in France and the Netherlands; conquests in the West Indies; discoveries in most quarters of the globe; Drake's voyage round the world; a firmer establishment of English dominion in Ireland; and the overthrow of the ancient form of faith, and of the youthful Queen who was at its head, in Scotland. He witnessed the cruelties which attended the execution of Babington and his thirteen fellow-conspirators. He heard the proclamation of the sentence of death against Mary Queen of Scots; and he must have shuddered over the details of the remorseless execution at Fotheringay on the 8th of February, 1587. He beheld the gorgeous pageant at the public funeral of Sir Philip Sydney, the brightest star of English chivalry. He mingled in all the excitement of the threatened invasion of the land by Philip of Spain. He saw the camp formed at Tilbury, and the thousands of citizens who flocked to it as volunteers in aid of the regular army; for neither then nor ever did Great Britain acquiesce in the possibility of a foreign invader taking possession of one acre of her soil. The news of the approach of the mighty armament sounded in his ears; but the God of battles fought on the side of England, and the foe was scattered to the winds. Was our Shakespeare in St. Paul's when Elizabeth gave thanks on her bended knees, surrounded by Raleigh, and Hawkins, and Frobisher, and Drake, and Howard of Effingham? By and by, he perhaps followed the body of Elizabeth herself, "covered with purple velvet, and borne in a chariot," to her last resting-place in Westminster Abbey. And in other lands, agitated with their own events, Tasso was, during the same period, weaving his epic song; Cervantes was composing his deathless story; Lope de Vega was filling the stage of Spain with his romantic dramas; and Galileo was fathoming the scheme of the universe. It is somewhat marvellous that to not one of these great contemporary incidents is there any direct allusion in the writings of Shakespeare. The explanation must be, that he so entirely threw himself into the scenes and characters he selected for his own themes, that his mind, intensifying itself upon them, shut out for the time all that was foreign to them.

The order in which Shakespeare's plays were written, and the precise dates at which they successively appeared, have given rise to much ingenious discussion. His ability as a dramatist gradually matured itself: he did not start up, full-armed, at once. The satirical writer, Greene, in his book entitled *A Groatsworth of Witte bought with a Million of Repentance*, which was published in 1592, falls foul of some of Shakespeare's earlier attempts, and says maliciously,—"There is an upstart crowe beautified with our feathers, that with 'his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide'" (a parody of a line in the Third Part of "King Henry the Sixth") "supposes he is as well able to bombaste out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Joannes factotum, is in his own conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a countrey." We are entitled to conclude from this passage that Shakespeare had written for the stage before the year 1592, and that he had most probably altered and adapted some of the earlier dramas. Drake is of opinion that Shakespeare's first entire play was "Pericles," and that it was written in 1590. Malone, on the other hand, influenced partly by the fact that in the first two folios of Shakespeare's collected plays (and the first edition of the third) "Pericles" is not included, omits it altogether from his enumeration, and puts at the head of his list the First, Second, and Third Parts of "King Henry the Sixth," assigning the First to the year 1589, when Shakespeare was twenty-five, and the Second and Third to 1591. Knight, in his turn, thinks "Titus Andronicus" was the first play, which he believes, in opposition to Coleridge and some other writers, to have been written by Shakespeare. De Quincey names the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" as the earliest, and calls it the least characteristically marked of all his plays, and, with the exception of "Love's Labour's Lost," the least interesting. Gervinus comes probably pretty near the mark when he says that the seven pieces which lie at the outset of Shakespeare's career are, "Titus Andronicus," "Pericles," the Three Parts of "King Henry the Sixth," the "Comedy of Errors," and the "Taming of the Shrew."

In the original folio editions no chronological order is attempted, the plays being simply divided into three classes, under the respective names of Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. The edition of 1623, and the two editions which followed, include, "Titus Andronicus;" and of all the thirty-seven plays now attributed to Shakespeare, they omit "Pericles" alone. That play, however, is now commonly ranked as his with less hesitation than the drama which contains the revolting parts of Aaron and Tamora. The horror which is accumulated upon horror in "Titus Andronicus" exceeds all bounds; yet it was not out of keeping with the immature and sensational dramatic tastes of the period immediately preceding Shakespeare. The most probable theory is that Shakespeare was requested to work the piece up from a version already existing, and that he threw in numerous passages which even Coleridge admits could have been written by no one else. Horror is an element of the tragic; but the horror which consists in presenting to the eyes of the spectators the mutilation of limbs, the cutting of throats, and the eating of the baked flesh of murdered enemies, smells too much of the shambles. Shakespeare, it may be supposed, performed reluctantly the task assigned to him, and felt strongly what he makes one of the characters express,—

> "'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
> For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
> Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
> Complots of mischief, treason, villanies,
> Ruthful to hear, yet piteously performed."

It has been clearly ascertained that in his "Henry the Sixth," which is the feeblest of all his historical dramas, Shakespeare did little more than revise and dress up two earlier pieces, which have recently been published in the *Transactions* of the Shakespeare Society, under the editorship of Mr. Halliwell. "Pericles," on the other hand, though an early production, is essentially Shakespearian. It is a long romance, dramatized upon a principle to which Shakespeare always adhered,—that a play admits of as much progressive action, lapse of time, and change of locality, as an epic narrative. The liberties which are taken both with time and place are so great that the ancient poet Gower (from whose *Confessio Amantium* the incidents of the play are borrowed) has to be introduced at the commencement of each act, to inform the reader of a variety of events supposed to have occurred, but which are not represented in the play. This was going to the very verge of dramatic license, and was indicative of a hand still somewhat inexperienced; yet how fresh and vigorous and full of poetry many of the scenes are, and how well the interest is sustained throughout!

If Shakespeare did not know the full strength of his wing till he had made some lower flights, it was not long ere

> "None that beheld him but, like lesser lights
> Did vail their crowns to his supremacy."

Between 1589 and 1613 he poured out upon the astonished world the following works:—

COMEDIES.—"The Two Gentlemen of Verona;" "The Comedy of Errors;" "The Taming of the Shrew;" "Love's Labour's Lost;" "All's Well that Ends Well;" "Midsummer Night's Dream;" "Much Ado about Nothing;" "Merry Wives of Windsor;" "Twelfth Night."

TRAGI-COMEDIES.—"Merchant of Venice;" "Measure for Measure;" "Troilus and Cressida;" "Timon of Athens."

HISTORICAL PLAYS.—First, Second, and Third Parts of "King Henry the Sixth;" "King John;" "Richard the Second;" "Richard the Third;" First and Second Parts of "King Henry the Fourth;" "King Henry the Fifth;" "King Henry the Eighth."

ROMANTIC DRAMAS.—"Pericles;" "Cymbeline;" "As You Like It;" "Winter's Tale;" "The Tempest."

TRAGEDIES.—"Titus Andronicus;" "Romeo and Juliet;" "Hamlet;" "Othello;" "Lear;" "Macbeth;" and *the Roman Tragedies*,—"Coriolanus;" "Julius Cæsar;" "Antony and Cleopatra."

The precise order in which these thirty-seven plays appeared is not, after all, of much consequence, and no two writers have exactly agreed regarding it. A collected edition of his works was not issued during his lifetime, but a good many of his plays were published separately. It has been ascertained that these came out in the following order, which, however, is no certain indication of the order in which they were written, since the title-page frequently bears that the piece had been acted for some time before it was printed:—1st, "Titus Andronicus," 1593; 2nd, "Richard the Third," 1594; 3rd, "Romeo and Juliet," 1596; 4th, "Love's Labour's Lost," 1598; 5th, "Henry the Fifth," 1600; 6th, First Part of "King Henry the Fourth," 1598; 7th, Second Part of "King Henry the Fourth," 1600; 8th, "The Merchant of Venice," 1600; 9th, "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600; 10th, "Much Ado about Nothing," 1600; 11th, "Merry Wives of Windsor," 1602; 12th, "Hamlet," 1603; 13th, "King Lear," 1608; 14th, "Pericles," 1609; and 15th, "Troilus and Cressida," 1609. It is not known that any of the remaining twenty-two plays appeared in print till six years after his death. But such was the prestige which already attached to his name, that numerous attempts were made to impose upon the public spurious plays as his. The deception partially succeeded for a time; but until lately almost all critics, with the single exception of Schlegel, have given their verdict against the genuineness of any of these productions. The names of the most prominent are "Edward the Third;" "Arden of Feversham;" "Locrine;" the First Part of "Sir John Oldcastle;" "The Life and Death of Thomas, Lord Cromwell;" "The Merry Devil of Edmonton;" and "The Yorkshire Tragedy." Shakespeare may have had some slight hand in several of these,—he may have sketched in a scene or a character; but that he was, in the proper sense, the author of any of them cannot be credited. Others are "Macedorrus;" "The London Prodigal;" "The Puritan;" and "Fair Em." There is better reason for believing that he took a less inconsiderable part in the composition of the "Two Noble Kinsmen," though that play is commonly attributed to Fletcher, and was probably written mainly by him.

There are two ways in which the Shakespearian student may read his historical plays. He may take them either in the order in which they were probably written, with the view of tracing the development of the poet's style and manner; or he may peruse them in chronological sequence as illustrative of the successive periods with which they deal. In the first case they would be read in the following order:—The First, Second, and Third Parts of "King Henry the Sixth;" "King John;" "King Richard the Second;" "King Richard the Third;" The First and Second Parts of "King Henry the Fourth;" "King Henry the Fifth;" and "King Henry the Eighth." In the order of history, on the other hand, "King John" comes first, his period being from 1199 to 1216; then "Richard the Second," 1377 to 1399; "Henry the Fourth, 1399 to 1413; "Henry the Fifth," 1413 to 1422; "Henry the Sixth," 1422 to 1461; "Richard the Third," 1483 to 1485; and "Henry the Eighth," 1509 to 1547.

Shakespeare wrote on an average a play every six months for nearly twenty years. The variety is infinite; the multiplication of human portraiture is unparalleled. The gayest fancy, the broadest humour, the most piercing wit, alternate with the deepest pathos, the strongest passion, the truest philosophy. It was human life, not a stilted conventionality, not an academical rule, that Shakespeare cared for. He refused to be bound by the dogmas of a school; he felt that no other unity was essential if there was unity of impression—harmony of general conception. The Attic severity of the Greek drama repelled him; he may have acknowledged the art that pervaded it, but he missed the free movement of actual existence. He saw that comedy and tragedy are blended indissolubly in man's life; that tears and laughter have one common source, and flow in the same channel. He recognised the truth that in our mundane condition the greatest moral lessons are taught in the midst of those conflicting emotions which shed upon surrounding objects alternate gloom and sunshine. The heart and the head alike confess that he was right. He had made it apparent to the whole world that Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides,—Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, great as they were, took a narrower and feebler view of the true scope and aim of the drama, "whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time her form and purpose." Hence it was that he fearlessly mingled the tragic with the comic element, that he gave its silver lining to the cloud, that he brought "sceptre and crown" face to face with the "poor crooked scythe and spade," that he made nature predominant over accident.

He had no models; he had nothing to guide him but his own perspicacity. Chaucer was the greatest of his predecessors, but he has drawn little from Chaucer. Neither can it be said that his writings were a reflex of his own age. High literature and high art rarely or never reflect their own age. Just because Shakespeare's are the finest plays the world has ever seen, the special characteristics of the Elizabethan era are not to be found in them. They suit all ages; they are universal, not national. It is the boast of sculpture that in producing the perfection of ideal form it links itself with no particular time or place. So it is with Shakespeare; he grasps the essential, and cares little for the adventitious. His men and women are human beings; it matters not whether they wear the Greek peplos or the Roman toga,—the ruff and stomacher of Elizabeth, or the jerkin and collar of James. Yet he ever takes care not to generalise too much, or to forget in the typical the special features of character. His portraits are not shadowy abstractions; they are intensely individual; but they present to us what is inherent and permanent, not what is superficial and transitory.

No poet ever more entirely sunk himself in his own conceptions. He comes before us as Hamlet or Falstaff, Macbeth or Malvolio, Othello or Launcelot Gobbo,—never as Shakespeare. He is whatever he chooses to be, from Coriolanus to Caliban. He finds a heap of dry bones, and infuses vitality into them. He rarely or never takes the trouble of inventing a plot; but when he lights upon an insipid tale by Cinthio, or a ballad by some unknown chapman, he touches it, as with Ithuriel's spear, and it starts up into a shining comedy or a heart-consuming tragedy. Building, as he often did, on the foundation of some ancient chronicle or half-forgotten legend, it was he alone who supplied the scene with thought and action, filled it with breath, and peopled it with living beings, whom once to know is to remember for ever. A halfpenny broadside told the "Pityfull Historie of Two Loving Italians," or "of a Jew who would for his Debt have a Pound of the Flesh of a Christian," and Shakespeare's genius, by a magic alchemy, transmuted such materials as these into Romeo and Juliet, and Shylock.

But had Shakespeare no faults?—The answer must be that perfection is not given to mortals. Such faults as he had were the faults of one who had his feet entangled in the meshes of a semi-enlightened age, and who was diffident of his right to set himself free at once by his own strength. Some of the scenes and dialogues are repulsive to the taste of the present day, but were not so when he wrote. Coarseness of language does not necessarily imply immorality of principle. Shakespeare is ahead of all other writers of his time in this, that he never indulges in coarseness for its own sake, but introduces it either with the view of illustrating character, or of bringing us back with increased relish to the expression of higher and purer thoughts. He adopts no story which has in itself a vicious tendency. He is not indeed always careful, as more commonplace moralists may be, to make virtue triumph; he sometimes carries his persons, as if indifferently, through right and wrong. But the impression which every one of his works leaves, is that its perusal has contributed to a healthy tone of feeling and to moral invigoration.

A few of his plots are loosely formed, and want regularity of design. He not only does not avoid, but seems rather to rejoice in anachronisms. He gives to one age or nation the customs and institutions of another. He intermixes the features of the heroic and feudal times. He puts the names of the Roman gods in the mouths of the Druids; he makes Hector quote Aristotle; and he introduces cannon in the reign of King John. These things may be disagreeable to the antiquary, but they are only motes in the sunshine of Shakespeare's genius.

Another fault is imputed to him, traceable to the imitation of the manner of the Italian poets, so prevalent in the latter half of the sixteenth century. It consists in a playful twisting of the meaning of words, suggested sometimes by their sound, and sometimes by their juxtaposition. Shakespeare evidently found pleasure in these *concetti*, or what Dr. Johnson calls "idle conceits and contemptible equivocations." "A quibble," says the Doctor, who had somewhat ponderous notions of humour, "is to Shakespeare what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisition, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be arousing attention with incidents or enchaining it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight that he was content to purchase it by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth." They who choose may agree with this Johnsonian criticism; but do not let them forget that Shakespeare, being himself

"A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy,"

one who was "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men," cared as little for "quibbles" as Dr. Johnson. They suited the times, and he therefore gave them "as thick as Tewkesbury mustard;" but he fails not to say, through Lorenzo, in the "Merchant of Venice,"—"How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots."

In Germany, Shakespeare's supremacy as a dramatic poet has long been admitted. Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Schlegel, Tieck, Gervinus, Ulrici, and others, have done much to naturalise him among their countrymen, and to kindle enthusiasm for his genius. In France, on the other hand, it is comparatively recently that he has met with a reception worthy of the intellect of that country. Before Shakespeare could be thoroughly understood in France a system had to be overturned,—the battle of the orders had to be fought, Aristotle and the unities had to be weighed in the balance. Voltaire allowed Shakespeare the praise only of a clever "barbarian;" and La Harpe dragged him by the heels behind the triumphal car of Racine. The French poets were unable to conceive of a tragic drama not founded on the Greek model, of which they produced highly successful imitations; but, as was likely to happen with imitations, they were colder and more pompous than the originals. In ancient Greece, where there were fewer shades and diversities of character than there came to be as the world got older, there was a stately grandeur, which to a certain extent atoned for its monotony, in the scenic representation of an illustrious house contending in vain against the inexorable decrees of destiny. But when the same stateliness and severity of artistic rule was transferred on the French stage to the halls of the Cid and the courts of Bajazet and Mahomet, it was certain that human nature would sooner or later rebel, and that, as hair-powder and furbelows went out, Shakespeare and real life would come in. The film fell from the eyes of Le Mercier, Madame De Stael, and Guizot; and France at length owns that Voltaire, who said of Shakespeare that "he was without the least spark of good taste, and without the slightest knowledge of rules," must "pale his uneffectual fire" before the author of "Hamlet."

If taste consists in a quick and accurate appreciation of all that is graceful and harmonious, not in artificial life alone, but in the world as God made it, no Frenchman, great or small, had ever half the taste of Shakespeare. Taste is, indeed, too low and technical a term for his intuitive perception of the true and the beautiful, and his exquisite delight in them. In reading a play by Voltaire we imagine of a man "who has lived for a long time in apartments lighted only by wax candles, chandeliers, or coloured glasses—who has only breathed in the faint, suffocating atmosphere of drawing-rooms—who has seen only the cascades at the opera, calico mountains, and garlands of artificial flowers." In reading a play by Shakespeare we imagine of a man who was ever in the pure air that encompasses the sights and sounds of external nature, and who found at will—

——"Tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Of his fellow-beings his thoughts were,—

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

In the starry wilderness of space he recognised the music of eternity,—

"Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it."

In the changing seasons his feeling was but of one description of beauty passing into another,—

"Hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyem's chin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set."

In the works of man, no less than in the works of God, he took deep delight,—the "cloud-capp'd towers," the "gorgeous palaces," the "solemn temples." Of the Fine Arts he was an earnest votary. Music, in particular, was a never-ending delight to him. His eloquent denunciation of those who "are not moved with concord of sweet sounds" is written in a thousand hearts. To his ear music was "the food of love": he claims for it the distinction of having been "ordained to refresh the mind of man." In that most exquisite scene at Belmont, in the Fifth Act of the "Merchant of Venice," music intensifies the happiness of the youthful lovers,—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears, soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

And Jessica only deepens into tenderness when she breathes into the ear of Lorenzo,—

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

With what truth of feeling the Duke, in "The Twelfth Night," asks for a repetition of the music he has just heard!—

"That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

And again,—

"That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected tunes
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times."

Such examples could be largely multiplied; but take as the only other the lines put into the lips of Oberon,—

"My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music."

Not contented with thus celebrating the charms of music, Shakespeare gave to be wedded to it some of the most delicious of our English songs. They sparkle through his plays in rich profusion,—many of them light, airy, and fanciful, like his own sprites,—others full of a divine melancholy. Painting and sculpture were hardly less prized by him; and he had evidently a learned knowledge of both. Of painting he says, "It tutors nature." Neither Titian, nor Velasquez, nor he, greater than either, who designed the Sibyls on the dome of the Sistine Chapel, ever painted a nobler portrait than Hamlet does of the "buried Majesty of Denmark." Raphael, on his most impassioned canvas, never exceeded the beauty of the description of "fair Portia's counterfeit," given by the enamoured Bassanio. Perhaps Shakespeare had before him a work of Julio Romano, for whom he is known to have entertained great admiration, when he makes the Poet say of the picture exhibited by the Painter in the first scene of "Timon of Athens,"—

> "Admirable! How this grace
> Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
> This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
> Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
> One might interpret."

As regards sculpture, his understanding of the chief excellences of that art is sufficiently attested by the language used when Paulina, in the "Winter's Tale," unvails to Leontes the supposed statue of Hermione;—

> "Prepare
> To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
> Still sleep mock'd death.
> Masterly done:
> The very life seems warm upon her lip,
> The fixture of her eye has motion in't;
> There is an air comes from her; what fine chisel
> Could ever yet cut breath?"

And this was the semi-barbarian who, as the French scoffer declared, had no spark of taste! Thomas Carlyle spoke truer words when he said,—"The noblest thing we men of England have produced has been this Shakespeare."

After some years of persevering industry in London, Shakespeare found himself the possessor of handsome means, which, as there is every reason to believe, continued steadily to increase. Besides his partnership in the profits of the Globe Theatre, he may have been a shareholder in the Blackfriars, and, in any case, he enjoyed his part of the actors' profits in both. To this may have been added a proportion of the gains accruing from the successful representation of his plays. De Quincey is of opinion that Shakespeare was the first man of letters in Great Britain who realized a fortune by literature, Pope being the second, and Sir Walter Scott the third. However this may be, it is certain that as soon as Shakespeare had money to invest, his thoughts reverted to Stratford; and, like Sir Walter Scott, he seems to have been ambitious of giving stability to his family by the acquisition of landed rights. In the year 1597 he purchased the best house in Stratford, known by the name of New Place, and in 1602 he bought, at a considerable cost, one hundred and seven acres of land adjoining the house. On Shakespeare's death, New Place went to his daughter, Mrs. Hall, in liferent, and then to her only daughter, Elizabeth, afterwards Lady Barnard, in fee. It was sold in 1675 to Sir Edward Walker, Garter King-at-Arms. From him it passed to his grandson, Sir John Clopton, who, about the year 1702, made extensive alterations on it, and modernized its aspect both internally and externally. Sir Hugh Clopton's son-in-law, Henry Talbot, brother to the Lord Chancellor Talbot, sold New Place, in the year 1756, to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, Vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire. Of this reverend gentleman we fear it must be said that

> "The motions of his spirit were dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus."

He must have known that he had the honour to own a house which was dear to Stratford and sacred to all England; and yet, in a fit of paltry rage at being forced to pay a poor's-rate on it though he resided a part of the year at Lichfield, he declared, in the year 1759, that New Place should never be assessed again, and forthwith razed the building to the ground, sold off the materials, and took his departure from Stratford amidst the execrations of its inhabitants. Nor was this the only offence of this same Mr. Gastrell: he had committed three years before another act of sacrilege hardly less atrocious. Shakespeare planted with his own hand, in 1609, or thereby, in the garden at New Place, a mulberry tree, which grew to a goodly size, and produced abundant fruit. "The planting of this tree by Shakespeare," says Malone, "is as well authenticated as anything of that nature can be. The Rev. Mr. Davenport informed me that Mr. Hugh Taylor, the father of his clerk, who was in 1790 eighty-five years old, and an alderman of Warwick, told him that he lived, when a boy, at the next house to New Place; that his family had inhabited the house for almost three hundred years; that it was transmitted from father to son, during the last and present century, that this tree (of the fruit of which he had often eaten in his younger days, some of its branches hanging over his father's garden) was planted by Shakespeare; and that till this was planted there was no mulberry tree in that neighbourhood." A similar tradition was preserved in the Clopton family; and in 1742 Sir Hugh Clopton entertained the two celebrated actors, Garrick and Macklin, under the flourishing and time-honoured branches. The aforesaid Vicar of Frodsham, however, the Rev. Francis Gastrell, took a dislike to the tree, on account of its popularity, which exposed his reverence to frequent requests to permit strangers to see it. This interruption to his own ease was intolerable; so the leaden-souled priest, who had never drawn one breath of inspiration in the garden where Shakespeare had walked, ordered the tree, in the year 1756, when it was at its full growth and of remarkable beauty, to be cut down and cleft into pieces for firewood. When the assertion is made that a man may do what he likes with his own, it may be well to remember that the slave-owner lashes the negro to within an inch of his life, and that the Rev. Francis Gastrell cut down Shakespeare's mulberry tree and demolished his house. The New Place property was, in 1862, purchased by a public subscription, due to the exertions of Mr. Halliwell, and placed in charge of the Stratford corporation.

After his purchase of New Place and the adjacent lands, Shakespeare's relationships with Stratford became closer and more constant. There is evidence that he at one time thought of buying a messuage at Shottery, in remembrance, perhaps, of his youthful days of love-making there. He farmed some land in the immediate vicinity of Stratford, which was probably managed for him by his brother Gilbert. The books of the local Burgh Court show that decrees were once or twice issued at Shakespeare's instance for the price of corn and other farm produce owing to him. In the year 1596 application was made to the Herald's College for a grant of a coat of arms to John Shakespeare; and there can be little doubt that this was done at the instigation of his eldest son. The grant was not obtained till 1599. It bears *in gremio* that the reasons for conceding it were that John Shakespeare's "parentes and late antecessors" (above which word is written "grandfather") had done "faithful and valiant service to the late most prudent prince, King Henry VII.," for which they had by him been "advanced and rewarded"; that since that time they had continued in these parts, "being of good reputation and credit," and that the said John Shakespeare had married "the daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden of Wilmcote, in the said county, esquire." In consideration of these premises, "and for the encouragement of his posterity," a shield and coat of arms were assigned. The arms of the Shakespeare family were,—in a field of gold upon a bend sable, a spear of the first, the point upward, headed argent; and for a crest or cognizance, a falcon with his wings displayed, standing on a wreath of his colours, supporting a spear headed or steeled silver. These arms were impaled upon another escutcheon with the ancient arms of Arden of Wilmscote, and the whole were surmounted by the motto, "*Non sanz droict.*"

It was probably not long after the year 1604 that Shakespeare transferred his headquarters from London to Stratford. In that year his name still appears among the players of the King's company; but he is not known to have acted after 1603, when he was one of the actors in Ben Jonson's "Sejanus," which was produced at the Globe in that year; he did not perform in the same author's "Volpone," which was brought out in 1605. In 1604 the London theatres were closed for a time on account of the plague, and it is likely that Shakespeare then went to Stratford. In a diary written in 1662 by the Rev. John Ward, Vicar at Stratford, the author says,—"Mr. Shakespeare frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his older days he lived at

Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for that had an allowance so large that he spent at the rate of £1,000 a year."

Some events which took place in the Shakespearian circle early in the seventeenth century must have occasioned alternate pain and pleasure. In September, 1601, his father died; in June, 1607, his daughter Susannah married Dr. John Hall; on the last day of the same year he buried, at the Church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, his youngest brother Edmond, who died at the early age of twenty-seven, after a brief career as an actor; in February, 1608, he became a grandfather by the birth of a daughter to Mrs. Hall; in the September following he lost his mother, Mary Arden or Shakespeare; on 3rd February, 1612, his brother Gilbert, and on 4th February, 1613, his brother Richard, were buried at Stratford.

Among the plays which Shakespeare wrote between the years 1605 and 1613 are generally included "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," "Troilus and Cressida," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," "Othello," and "The Tempest." It was believed by Thomas Campbell, De Quincey, and others, that "The Tempest" was his last play; and this would, as Campbell says, give it "a sort of sacredness." Campbell further suggests that Shakespeare may be regarded as in some sort typified in Prospero, the potent and benevolent magician; and De Quincey, following up the same idea, conjectures that it was with a prophetic feeling of the end that Shakespeare makes Prospero "solemnly and for ever renounce his mysterious functions, symbolically break his enchanter's wand, and declare that he will bury his books, his science, and his secrets

'Deeper than did ever plummet sound.'"

It is not within the scope of the present biographical sketch to enter into any critical analysis of Shakespeare's separate plays; but if "The Tempest" was written in his forty-ninth year, it affords the completest evidence that his fancy retained all its freshness. None of his creations are more original than Caliban and Ariel, none more beautiful than Miranda, none more lofty than Prospero. It is difficult to say that "The Tempest" is finer, as a romantic drama, than "As You Like It," "Cymbeline," or "The Winter's Tale," but it takes rank with these, and is as luminous with poetry as any of them.

The last eight or nine years of Shakespeare's life were probably among the happiest which he spent on this "bank and shoal of time." His mind was matured, his passions were softened, the fever of expectation was over; he had won his position, he had fulfilled the mission which the Almighty had assigned to him. And with how much tranquil earnestness had he done his work! He had involved himself in no hatreds; stood aloof from all brawls and cavillings. Party spirit was unknown to him; polemics were distasteful. His works betray neither political nor religious bias; yet they teach, with the force almost of inspiration, the duties we owe to society, and the homage that is due to religion. The advantages and the disadvantages of the democratic, the aristocratic, and the monarchical elements, both in a state and in men, are treated by him with the utmost impartiality. He fights a noble battle against class prejudices. He delights in showing sympathy for the poor and the destitute, and "he makes the mighty of the earth, who have forgotten poverty, remember it in their own adversity." His patriotic love for "our sea-walled garden,"—

"This precious stone set in the silver sea,"—

and the grand words in which he has given expression to the sentiment, have quickened the pulses of hundreds of thousands of his countrymen. His religion is catholic, not sectarian. He teaches that the service of God is above the service of all lords and princes. He never alludes to the great truths of Christianity except with the most profound reverence. When Angelo says to Isabella—

"Your brother is a forfeit of the law,"

the answer is,—

"Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once,
And HE that might the 'vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be
If He which is the top of judgment should

> But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
> And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
> Like man new made."

"Shakespeare contented himself," says his loving and intelligent commentator, Mr. Cowden Clarke, "with the simple mission of teaching mankind a cheerful reliance upon the mercy and benevolence of our good God; to be just and kind to all men; to seek out the good in things evil, and not, after the new philosophy, to ferret out whatever of evil may lurk in things good. He strove to make men wiser and better, and therefore happier."

May we not imagine him once more among the woods round Stratford, or upon the turfy uplands, weaving into shape the scenes of "Macbeth" or "Julius Cæsar," or filling his imagination with "Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," or "Othello"? May we not follow him home to his wife and children, all unconscious of his fine frenzies, his lofty meditations, but looking on with smiles as he takes his granddaughter in his arms, and remembering, perhaps, his lines,—

> "Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
> Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
> Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
> Many a matter hath he told to thee
> Meet and agreeing with thy infancy?"

In such scenes as these may we not fancy him asking himself the question,—

> "Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
> Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
> More free from peril than the envious court?"

Or saying to some pleasant neighbour,—

> "So we'll live,
> And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
> At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
> Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
> Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
> And take upon's the mystery of things,
> As if we were God's spies?"

During the four last years of Shakespeare's life few traces of him can be discovered. In 1614 there was a great fire in Stratford, which, aided by a strong wind, consumed, in less than two hours, fifty-four dwelling-houses; but New Place was not one of them. On the 10th of February, 1616, which was to be the year in which he was to be withdrawn from the world, his younger daughter, Judith, was married to Mr. Thomas Quiney. This event, with other considerations, probably led to his making his Will, which was executed on the 25th March following; he being then "in perfect health and memory."

His Will is one of the very few private and personal writings of Shakespeare which have come down. The following particulars of the document are worthy of note:—*First*, The devout spirit in which it commences,—"I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made." *Second*, The bequest of a handsome marriage portion to his daughter Judith, and a further bequest of the like amount in the event of her surviving three years from the date of the Will, which she did. *Third*, A legacy of twenty pounds (equal to about £100 of present money) to his sister Joan Hart, together with all his wearing apparel, and the house in which she dwelt. *Fourth*, Small legacies to each of Joan Hart's three sons. *Fifth*, All his plate, except his "broad silver and gilt bowl," to his grand-daughter Elizabeth Hall. *Sixth*, A legacy of a sum of money to the poor of Stratford; of his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe, who was then in his twenty-seventh year, and was the son of an old acquaintance, John Combe; and of ten small sums to ten intimate friends, "to buy them rings," *in memoriam*, among which friends were Hamlet or Hamnet Sadler, who had been godfather to Shakespeare's only son,—William Walker, to whom

Shakespeare had himself been godfather,—Anthony Nash, the father of Mr. Thomas Nash, who afterwards married the poet's granddaughter,—and "my fellows," that is, his brother actors, John Hemings, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell. *Seventh*, A bequest to his daughter Susannah Hall of "that capital messuage or tenement" called the New Place, together with other two tenements in Henley Street, and "all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever," in Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, and the messuage or tenement "in the Blackfriars in London, near the Wardrobe," and to the oldest lawful son of her body, whom failing, the next oldest in regular succession; whom all failing, to his granddaughter Elizabeth Hall, and the heirs male of her body; whom failing, to his daughter Judith, and the heirs male of her body; whom failing, to his heirs whatsoever. *Eighth*, A legacy to his wife of his "second-best bed with the furniture." *Ninth*, A legacy of his "broad silver gilt bowl" to his daughter Judith; and, *Tenth*, A bequest of all the rest of his "goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever," after payment of his debts, and legacies, and funeral expenses, to his son-in-law, John Hall, who, along with his wife Susannah, are appointed executors.

The leading feature of this Will is the desire manifested in it to found a family by a strict entail of almost the whole real estate in favour, first, of the heirs male of his elder, and, next, of his younger daughter, his only son having predeceased. This desire, however, was frustrated by the death of Susannah Hall with no issue except Elizabeth, who died childless, and by all Judith Quiney's children predeceasing her, so that the estates were scattered after the second generation.—There is another peculiarity of the Will which has attracted even more attention—namely, that it bequeathes to his wife only a second-best bed, and that, as originally written out, she was not mentioned in it at all, the bequest being introduced by an *ex post facto* interlineation. Malone drew unpleasant conclusions from this, which, however, seem groundless. Mr. Charles Knight has pointed out that the wife was entitled to *dower*, and was thus amply provided for by the ordinary operation of the law. Her provision would be all the greater from the fact that, with a single exception, Shakespeare's estates were not copyhold, but freehold. A handsome life-interest thus accrued to his widow, which rendered any testamentary bequest unnecessary. It was therefore solely from an affectionate desire to show that she was not out of the testator's mind that she was put down as a legatee. The best bed was one of those chattels which the law gives to the heir along with the mansion-house; but the second-best bed could be disponed as the owner desired. And who knows, as Steevens suggests, but that it was far more valued by Shakespeare and Anne than the newer heirloom? Who knows but that thirty years before it had been their bridal bed? Both Knight and Halliwell have shown that in the Wills of many men of substance executed about the same period, nothing but a very trifling legacy was bequeathed to their wives, it being notorious that they were well and richly provided for otherwise. Had Anne Hathaway been little regarded either by her husband or her children,—had she dwelt "but in the suburbs of their good pleasure," she would not have been buried beside Shakespeare when she died, seven years after him, nor would a loving inscription, in which she is specially designed as the "wife of William Shakespeare," been placed upon her tombstone by her daughters. We may fairly, therefore, cherish the belief that he who wrote "Julius Cæsar" could say with Brutus,—

> "You are my true and honourable wife;
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart."

Shakespeare had no old age. He had barely reached his fifty-third year when he died. Within a month of his decease he had declared himself to be "in perfect health and memory, God be praised!" What his last illness was, or how it was contracted, remains unknown. There is an apocryphal tradition that his friends Ben Jonson and the poet Drayton, who was afterwards deemed worthy of a tomb in Westminster Abbey, had come upon a visit, and that Shakespeare's hospitality so overflowed that a fever supervened, which ran a short course to a fatal termination. This may or may not be true. Had the world known then, so well as it knows now, whom it was losing, a thousand chroniclers would have recorded the minutest particulars of the parting scene. As matters are, all that we know is the bare fact that he expired at New Place on the 23rd April, 1616, and was interred on the 25th in the chancel of Stratford Church. "That church," says Washington Irving, "stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. The situation is quiet and retired, and the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping, and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty gray spire." It is there that Shakespeare "quiet consummation" hath.

A flat stone covers his grave, bearing the well-known inscription,—

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Whether these lines were or were not Shakespeare's, they are at all events of an ancient date; for Dugdale quotes them in 1656 as his epitaph, cut on "a plain free-stone, underneath which his body is buried." Some writers have characterized them as doggerel; but the author of the *Sketch Book* says they "have in them something extremely awful, and show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds." They had the merit, at any rate, of achieving their purpose, since they have secured for his native place the permanent possession of his remains.

A few years after his death, and before 1623, a commemorative monument was erected on the north wall of the chancel, near the grave. The design evinces some taste; but the poetical inscription, which is partly in Latin and partly in English, possesses little merit. The most interesting portion of the monument is a bust of Shakespeare, the size of life, formed out of a block of soft stone. The sculptor was one Gerard Johnson, a "tomb-maker," and contemporary of Shakespeare. The late Sir Francis Chantrey was of opinion that Johnson had probably modelled the features from a cast of Shakespeare's face taken after death. Such a cast may have been procured by his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, who was in London within a few weeks of his death, and may then have placed the cast in Johnson's hands. It is to be feared, however, that Johnson's knowledge of his art was not great. He painted over the whole work, and produced a coloured image rather than a piece of sculpture. The hands and face were of flesh-colour, the eyes of a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn, the doublet scarlet, and the gown or tabard black; the upper part of the cushion on which the arms rest was green, the under half crimson, and the tassels gilt. Those colours all faded in the course of time; they were renovated in 1749; but in 1793 the entire bust was covered with one or more coats of white paint, which destroyed its original character, and altered the expression of the face. The colours have since been carefully restored. This bust is the earliest, and, on the whole, the most authentic portrait which exists; and there is an individuality in the features, and in the unmistakable forehead, which leads to the belief that it presents a general, though defective resemblance of the great original.

There is only one other well-established contemporary likeness of Shakespeare, and that is the print by Martin Droeshout, prefixed to the folio edition of 1623. The original engraving was poorly executed; and as impressions were taken from the plate for three subsequent editions, the copies now commonly met with are much deteriorated. Considerable interest, however, attaches to them, when it is recollected that the print was brought out by and for persons who had seen Shakespeare, and who would have rejected it if altogether unlike. Ben Jonson so far attests its accuracy in some lines which were printed under it, beginning,—

"This figure that thou here see'st put
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut:
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to outdo the life."

There is a good deal of resemblance between this engraving and the bust, a fact which corroborates the authenticity of both.—Various other Shakespearian portraits have from time to time been brought forward as genuine; but these have in no instance been proved to have been executed from the life, and their value is consequently extremely problematical.

Cervantes and Shakespeare were taken from the world within ten days of each other—the former on the 23d of April, *new style*, and the latter on the same date, *old style*. The greatest genius whom the authors of Don Quixote and King Lear left behind them was John Milton; but he was only seven years of age when they passed away. Another remarkable man was approaching maturity, through whose instrumentality events, involving both good and evil, were preparing for England. The long succession of her kings was to be broken, her constitutional monarchy was to be overthrown, and a commonwealth was to be set up on its ruins. Oliver Cromwell, however, was entering at college on the very day of Shakespeare's death; and no dream of coming regicide and civil war disturbed the poet's dying hours, or mingled with the grief of those who surrounded his deathbed, and in whose breasts the predominant sentiment must have been,—

> "This was the noblest Roman of them all.
> His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mix'd in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

Let us not think that he died "an untimely death." Who had ever done so much in fifty-two years? He gave expression to as many high and remarkable thoughts in that time as would have graced and dignified a hundred ordinary lives, protracted to the longest span. No fruit could have been expected from "the golden autumn of such a mind" superior to what its spring and summer had produced. If wisdom be often found under "the silver livery of advised age," it was equally found in Shakespeare's unblanched manhood. It was better that he sank beneath the horizon at once, like the broad-orbed sun, than that he should have waned into gradual dimness. If the spirits of the departed are cognizant, as we fondly trust they are, of the sentiments which animate the "breathers of this world," Shakespeare's may well be filled with profoundest love and gratitude in the perception of how much it was permitted to contribute towards the elevation and refinement of the world.

To the young, who may yet be unacquainted with his works, this Volume will be as a newly-discovered mine, filled with inconceivable riches. To the more advanced it will afford the means of reverting again and again to old-established loves and friendships, which only grow the stronger with every fresh opportunity of renewed intercourse. The absence of notes and commentaries need not be regretted. These, if wanted, can be found elsewhere in super-abundance; but Samuel Johnson, erroneous as many of his own commentaries were, never gave sounder advice than when he recommended that they who wished to become fully acquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desired to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, should read every play from the first scene to the last, "with utter negligence of all his commentators." When fancy is once on the wing, as the Doctor truly says, it should not stoop at correction or explanation: when the attention is strongly engaged with Shakespeare, let it not turn aside to the name of Theobald or of Pope. Particular passages may be cleared by notes; but the general effect is weakened by the interruption. Obscurities and niceties may be investigated when time permits and inclination prompts; but in the beginning and in the end it is best and safest to allow Shakespeare to speak for himself.

SHAKESPEARE AND BACON.

It has occurred to me that the opinion of a player (for Shakespeare was both player and playwright) may have some interest in the controversy which seems to make a perennial appeal to the curiosity of the public. I am encouraged to express this opinion by Judge Allen, of Boston, who, at the end of his able treatise on "The Bacon-Shakespeare Question," does me the honour of summing up the debate in some words of my own. "When the Baconians can show that Ben Jonson was either a fool or a knave, or that the whole world of players and playwrights at that time was in a conspiracy to palm off on the ages the most astounding cheat in history, they will be worthy of serious attention."

I submit that this is exactly how the matter stands. Has any attempt been made to give even the semblance of reason to the assumption that Bacon induced the whole world of players and playwrights, and all his contemporaries who had relations with the theatre—men like Southampton and Herbert, and the officials of the Court, who were brought into constant and close contact with the players—to bolster up the fiction that Shakespeare wrote the masterpieces for which he had the credit and the profit, and to keep the secret so close that nobody breathed a word of it, nobody kept any memorandum of it, and everybody carried it to the grave? Shakespeare was a man whose rapid advancement had excited bitter jealousies. He was stigmatized by Robert Greene as the "Johannes Factotum" who was monopolizing the playwright's business. He was "the upstart crow, beautified with our feathers;" that is to say, the jealous Greene saw him handling, re-writing, and vastly improving plays which, according to the theatrical custom of the time, were wholly at the disposal of the manager who had bought them. Young Shakespeare was called in to revise these works, and Greene cried aloud to all the supplanted that such presumption was not to be borne; and why was it not proclaimed then, that Shakespeare could not write, that he was virtually illiterate, and that the plays he presumed to turn from commonplace to genius were conveyed by him to Bacon, who laid the magic spell upon them? What spell did Bacon employ to prevent Greene from declaring the truth? I am aware that Bacon is said to have disclosed in the wondrous cipher that he wrote the plays of Greene. This makes the complication still more entertaining. First, Bacon writes Greene; then he beautifies Shakespeare with Greene's feathers and makes Greene very angry; but he will not let Greene denounce Shakespeare as an impostor, for Greene is himself an impostor. Greene is entitled to our sympathies, because it is obvious that in his name Bacon wrote poor stuff, whereas in Shakespeare's name he wrote magnificently. Why this wanton injustice to poor Greene? The cipher might tell us; but this point is beneath its notice; and when you consider that its chief business is to stagger us with the revelation that Bacon was the "legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth," you cannot expect more light on anybody so trivial as Greene.

The only explanation I can conjecture is that when Bacon suspected any writer as a likely man to find Shakespeare out, he proceeded to bribe that person with his multifarious talents. I cannot fit this process exactly to Greene's case, but who can fit any parts of this amazing story? Still, Bacon is alleged to have written, in addition to Shakespeare and Greene, the works of Ben Jonson and Marlowe, Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." This is pretty well, but it is not enough. There were Shakespeare's collaborators in his historical plays to be reckoned with; so Bacon must have done the collaboration himself or silenced the collaborators. There was Fletcher, for example, whose hand is perceptible in "King Henry VIII." To square Fletcher, Bacon had also to square Beaumont; so we had better add the works of Beaumont and Fletcher to Bacon's account. If he did not bribe all these people in this fashion, how else could he have secured their complicity? He had no money even for his own needs. He had very little influence for the greater part of his career. Although he was the "legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth," his unnatural mother showed not the smallest desire to advance his interests. What could he do, then, for the various poets and dramatists who were privy to his authorship of Shakespeare, except write their plays and poems? Is it probable that they would have held their tongues on such terms?

The Baconian theory requires our belief in a confederacy, the like of which never entered the wildest imagination. All the plots in history pale beside it. How vain and childlike seem all the secret societies compared with this brotherhood, which, to oblige Bacon, foisted Shakespeare on the centuries as the supreme genius of our literature! I don't think the Baconians have fully grasped the magnitude of their own conception. They are still apt to suggest that Shakespeare was very little known to his contemporaries. A critic in "The National Review" for August, 1902, tells us "there is not a rag of evidence that Shakespeare could write at all;" whereas there is abundant evidence of what Webster, his fellow-dramatist, called his "copious industry." His first editors, Heminge and Condell, his friends and fellow-actors, report that he wrote almost without a blot. Ben Jonson, repeating that testimony, expresses the wish that Shakespeare had blotted a good deal. Jonson thought the greater poet had too much facility and too little art. We are asked to believe that these opinions were designed to deceive the world, that Heminge and Condell deliberately lied, that Jonson blamed Shakespeare's fluency the better to hide the fact that he could not write a line; that, when Jonson said Shakespeare had "small Latin and less Greek," this was to prevent the world from learning that Shakespeare never went to school, knew neither Greek nor Latin, could barely scrawl an illegible signature, and did not know the correct spelling of his own name. The name is spelt in the municipal records of Stratford in sixteen ways; therefore the Corporation of Stratford in those days was an illiterate body, and the contemporary records were written by Bacon. Sir Walter Raleigh spelt his name in five ways; therefore he was illiterate, and Bacon wrote his works. No writer of that period appears to have any fixed spelling for his name; therefore Bacon wrote all the Elizabethan literature. But he sometimes spelt his name with a "k;" whence springs a horrid suspicion that he may have been illiterate, and that we have yet to learn who wrote Bacon.

Is this a whit more extravagant than the whole basis of the Baconian theory? The moment it is touched at any point it discloses the grossest absurdities. I defy any man to give me a coherent account of the conceivable circumstances in which Bacon acquired that mastery of the stage without which the Shakespearean drama could not have been written. The plays were not evolved by a recluse in a closet. Some were based on earlier pieces never published, and belonging solely to the theatres. How did Bacon come by them? The plays were frequently altered, and this must have needed close consultation with the players. How did Bacon manage that? How did he manage the collaboration with other writers in the historical dramas? Many of the dramatists then were actors, and one of Shakespeare's most striking qualities is consummate stagecraft. What did Bacon know about the stage? His life is as well known to us as the life of any statesman or philosopher of our own time; and where is there a particle of evidence that he took even the smallest interest in the theatre? You may be the mightiest genius that ever breathed, but if you have not studied the art of writing for the stage, you will never write a good acting play. Of this technique there is no more striking example than "Othello." It is a masterpiece of pure exposition, which could have been achieved only by a man who had spent years in the atmosphere of the theatre. The Baconians cannot grasp the elementary fact that the Shakespearean plays were written exclusively for the stage by a playwright who was in the very centre and heart of theatrical life, and not by an inspired outsider. The inspired outsider may have an admirable story admirably written, but without any knowledge of the stage how is he to get his characters on and off? You see the craft of Shakespeare in his exits and his entrances. The knocking at the gate in "Macbeth," after the murder of Duncan, is one of those dramatic incidents that hold you breathless. It is the stroke of fate, heralding the entrance of Macduff, and the disclosure of the crime. An essay might be written on Shakespeare's exits alone. You remember Shylock, when he leaves his house in Jessica's charge, and murmurs, with no suspicion of treachery:

> "Fast bind, fast find;
> A proverb never stale in thrifty mind."

That takes him off the stage effectively. Equally characteristic is Iago's exit:

> "This is the night
> That either makes me or fordoes me quite."

No actor ever had reason to complain that Shakespeare sent him tamely off, or brought him feebly on. Apart from the genius of the poet, you have the irresistible evidence that Shakespeare was a great dramatic constructor, who knew the stage as intimately as a watchmaker knows the mechanism of a watch. How could Bacon acquire this experience?

Shakespeare acquired it because he was an actor, and the hand of the actor is visible in all his dramatic work. The plays are full of images drawn from the player's art. Laborious efforts have been made to show that only Bacon could have known the law, philosophy, and natural history that abound in Shakespeare's illustrations; but how could Bacon have known or cared for the letter and spirit of the actor's calling, which are still more conspicuous? These meet us at every turn. A mimic play within a play is one of the dramatist's favourite devices. He employs it in "Hamlet" with evident relish. He makes Hamlet a born actor, and an accomplished dramatic critic, whose dissertations on the art of acting and on theatrical affairs have a point that must have come much nearer home than Elsinore. Here is a passage between Hamlet and Horatio:

> "Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?
> Half a share.
> A whole one, I."

This, as Judge Allen says, "refers to the custom of paying players not by fixed sums, but in proportion to the receipts." "Half a share!" Even if Bacon had been acquainted with such a custom, what possible interest could it have had for him? Why should he have introduced it into a dialogue? Not "Hamlet" alone, but all the plays are charged with these theatrical associations. There is an apology in "Henry V." for the limited resources of the stage properties for representing the field of Agincourt. This comes naturally from Shakespeare, but why should it trouble Bacon? In "Romeo and Juliet" we are reminded of the time-limit of the play—"the two hours' traffic of our stage." What had Bacon to do with such a detail? Shakespeare often remarks upon the characteristics of audiences. Thus in "King Henry VIII.":

> "There are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure."

Again in the same play:

> "'Tis ten to one this play can never please
> All that are here: some come to take their ease
> And sleep an act or two; but those we fear
> We have frighted with our trumpets."

These genial observations are natural to an actor, and especially to an actor-manager; but is it likely that Bacon would have bantered the somnolent pittites, or remarked the kindred spirits between the lads of Tower Hill and the "limbs of Limehouse?" Would he have rebuked the public taste for child actors in "Hamlet"?

> "There is, sir, an eyrie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of the question, and are most tyrannically clapped for it: these are now the fashion."

Here are topics of the theatre in theatrical parlance; but in the so-called parallels of thought and expression between Shakespeare and Bacon they make no figure. There is not the smallest reason to suppose that Bacon ever heard of them. The interests of the theatrical profession had no concern for him. He was not the man to write—

> "Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live."

It is this constant pre-occupation with the actor's work, vicissitudes, merits, and shortcomings, which run through Shakespeare's imagery. Macbeth figures life as "a walking shadow," and man as the player who "struts and frets his hour upon the stage." "All the world's a stage, and the men and women merely players." Hamlet marks the player's simulated grief for

Hecuba, and asks what he would do "had he the motive and the cue for passion that I have." The cue is a perpetual symbol in Shakespeare, but not in Bacon :

> "Had you not come upon your cue, my lord."
>
> "Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial."
>
> "'Deceiving me' is Thisby's cue : she is to enter now."
>
> "You speak all your part at once, cues and all."

Who but an actor-playwright would harp upon the cue like this?

> "When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer."

Assuredly Bacon does not answer. Look where you will, these theatrical allusions spring to the eye. Take "Coriolanus":

> "It is a part that I shall blush in acting."
>
> "You have put me now to such a part, which
> Never I shall discharge to the life."
>
> "Come, come, we'll prompt you."
>
> "Like a dull actor now
> I have forgot my part, and I am out,
> Even to a full disgrace."

In "King Richard II." we have this signal tribute to the actor who is not dull :

> "As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
> After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
> Are idly bent on him that enters next,
> Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;
> Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
> Did scowl on gentle Richard."

Bacon was a historian. Is this the kind of parallel that would be likely to strike his mind in commemorating the misfortunes of a king?

In the technicalities of the stage Shakespeare is always accurate ; but when he employs legal terms, he is often wrong. In geography he gave Bohemia a coast, much to the distress of Ben Jonson. In navigation, he starts a ship from the gates of Milan. His knowledge of law was supposed to be wonderful by Lord Campbell, but does not commend itself to Judge Allen. I understand that the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice" bears no resemblance to any judicial procedure that ever was recorded in legal annals. It is evident that Shakespeare did not care a jot for judicial procedure, and that the law which authorized Shylock to cut his pound of Antonio's flesh, but forbade him to shed one drop of blood, was not sanctioned by the judgment of Bacon. Campbell was not at the pains to discover how much law was known to Shakespeare's contemporaries in playwriting. Judge Allen shows that legal terms abounded in all the Elizabethan plays, and that Shakespeare's contemporaries used them even more freely than he did. Ben Jonson, Middleton, Chapman, Massinger, Peele, Wilkins, Webster, Sir Thomas Wyat, Dekker, Barry, and Spenser, all made use of legal phraseology that is not to be found in Shakespeare. Are these writers to be taken simply as emanations of Bacon's prodigal genius? If not, what becomes of the hypothesis that Bacon must have written Shakespeare because Shakespeare so often quoted the jargon of lawyers? There is no more reason for the contention that Shakespeare's mind must be Bacon's because they have ideas and expressions in common. Shakespeare was an original genius, but he was also a chartered borrower. He was the microcosm of his time. He held Goethe's large views about plagiarism. Goethe said that Scott borrowed from him, and that he borrowed from Scott, and he applauded both transactions. Shakespeare seldom invented a plot, and it is impossible to measure the whole of his indebtedness to old plays. Sometimes he quoted Marlowe with acknowledgment, and sometimes the acknowledgment was omitted. It is clear that he had a great respect for Marlowe, who was his model in several ways. If the Baconian enthusiasts explain this by assuming that Bacon wrote both Shakespeare and Marlowe, they must produce something more rational than the cipher story to account for the incredible connivance at Bacon's protean secrecy. In the first of Bacon's essays, he uses the expression, "discoursing wits, for people of giddy minds." Ford writes "discoursing brains" in exactly the same connection. Must Ford be added to the list of Bacon's conquests? I am told that because Bacon uses the word "eager" in the sense employed by Hamlet ("It is a nipping and an eager air"), therefore Hamlet must be Bacon's creation. Apply this sort of reasoning to the whole Elizabethan drama, and you will involve the authorship of that period in a tangle from which no cipher will rescue any intelligible fact.

What is the secret of Shakespeare's grasp of life? Simply his prodigious faculty of assimilation. He took in everything at the pores. He had no great scholarship. The translated Plutarch served him so well that he turned whole passages into dramatic speeches without changing a word. This, by the way, ought to prove that Plutarch wrote Shakespeare; and if it be urged that Plutarch had been dead some time, that cannot be a valid objection in the eyes of people who believe that Bacon was the "legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth." They ought to swallow anything, provided that it robs the hated Shakespeare of his glory.

But without great scholarship, and with absolutely careless notions about law and geography and historical accuracy, Shakespeare had an immeasurable receptivity of all that concerned human character. An oracle lately dismissed the idea that a great poet could have been a poacher in his youth and could have consorted with topers. Where, then, did he study the tavern company who flourish at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap? What gave him his relish for the escapades of Prince Hal? Why did he make Falstaff a hoary but lovable scamp? Why did he glory in Bardolph's nose? What had Bacon to do with Bardolph's nose? I have examined the cipher for some information on this point, but the "legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth" never mentions it. Sprung from the people, Shakespeare had the most intimate and sympathetic knowledge of country folk and country life that our literature can show. His plays are a mine of popular sayings, songs, customs, and legends. He uses profusely Warwickshire names, Warwickshire traditions, Warwickshire places. Such names as De Bois, Jaques, Audrey, Bardolph, Peto, were all among the patronymics of Stratford. Is it pretended that Bacon, anywhere in his voluminous writings, exhibits this quality of sympathy, this interest in song and story, this familiarity with Warwickshire? What charm had folklore for the intellect which, at the age of twenty-four, was addressing a great State paper to the Queen? Is it possible to conceive two master minds with characters, temperaments, and training so absolutely divergent as those of Bacon and Shakespeare? As Tennyson said, the philosopher who, in his Essay on "Love," described it as a "weak passion" fit only for stage comedies, and deplored and despised its influence over the world's noted men, could never have written "Romeo and Juliet." And here I may say that nothing angered Tennyson more than the attempt to dethrone Shakespeare. In his house at Freshwater on one occasion, when a guest had argued the Baconian hypothesis, Tennyson rose from the table exclaiming, as he hastily left the room, "I can't listen to you—you, who would pluck the laurels from the brow of the dead Christ." It was no more possible for Bacon's genius and endowment to produce Shakespeare than for Shakespeare to write the "Novum Organum."

For, as the Baconians assiduously forget, Shakespeare was the greatest of poets, and Bacon could not write a decent verse. Shakespeare was the supreme creator of dramatic character, and Bacon has given us no more reason to suppose that he could create a character than that he could construct a play. Shakespeare is mentioned in every contemporary list of poets, and Bacon is mentioned as a poet only once. It is clear from this that he must have made some poetical efforts, and that the critics had a poor opinion of them. This is not surprising when we consider the sort of poetry that Bacon thought it worthy of his fame to bequeath to posterity. The year before his death, when he was in possession of all his faculties, he wrote his metrical translations of the Psalms. They do not contain a line that is above the level of Dr. Watts.

In "The Return from Parnassus," a play that was published in 1606, there is a scene between Kemp and Burbage, two of Shakespeare's fellow-actors. They are represented as giving dramatic hints to a couple of university students. Says Kemp:

> "Few of the University pen plays well: they smell too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talk too much of Proserpina and Jupiter. Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down—ay, and Ben Jonson too. O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow! He brought up Horace giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit."

This suggests that if any attempt had been made in that day to class Bacon's Watts-like Muse with the inspiration of the "Sonnets," somebody would have been rude enough to give Bacon "a purge." And how do the people who tell us glibly that Shakespeare was illiterate explain this evidence that he was regarded as the master of the playwright's craft?

Still more noteworthy is the absence of any plausible excuse for Bacon's fond preservation of his worthless rhymes, and his neglect of the masterpieces that went by Shakespeare's name. He gave the most minute directions for the publication of his literary remains. His secretary, Dr. Rawley, was intrusted with this responsibility, and faithfully discharged it. Thirty years after Bacon's death, Rawley published the first biography of his early patron, but said never a word of Bacon's creation of Shakespeare. Why not? As so many people were privy to the glorious secret, Rawley must have known it. After thirty years there could have been no motive for concealing it. Why was not Rawley instructed to make it known, an obviously surer way of establishing Bacon's fame than burying it in a cipher? And where are the manuscripts? Shakespeare left none, and this circumstance is pleaded against him by persons who do not take the trouble to note that no other dramatic writer of the period left any manuscripts of plays. Beaumont and Fletcher died in serene indifference to the fate of their works, which were not published until they had been dead many years. Heywood left on record the reluctance with which he consented to the publication of his own works. And we should remember there was no Dramatic Authors' Society in those days for the protection of playwrights. The Elizabethan dramatists could not see what they had to gain by publication. This may seem odd to us, but it was an oddity clearly not confined to Shakespeare. Bacon, on the other hand, had an eye on posterity. Hence his scrupulous care to secure a literary executor. Hence the certainty that if he had written Shakespeare, he would have preserved the manuscripts. Hence the certainty that he was not Shakespeare.

Bacon died in 1626, and the First Folio of Shakespeare was published in 1623. Now it is in the First Folio that we have the blessed cipher. The theory is that Bacon edited the Folio in order to introduce the cipher into the printing, but I ask any man who has ever written a book whether he really believes that any author, in revising his proofs, would allow all the obscure passages to go uncorrected? The First Folio, as Judge Allen says, is "a badly and carelessly printed book;" it is much more imperfect than some of the quartos that preceded it; and yet we are called upon to believe that Bacon either did not notice this, or did not care about it! The translations from the Psalms were accurately printed; but the First Folio might go down to posterity with all its imperfections on its head! And it never occurred to Bacon to instruct his faithful executor to prepare a revised edition!

To any intelligent mind, unprejudiced by the nonsense about Shakespeare's illiteracy, it is plain that the First Folio was not edited by its author, for the simple reason that the author was dead. The players, Heminge and Condell, were not experts in editing, and they lamented that Shakespeare had not lived for that task. That their testimony to the authorship is to be overthrown by the grotesque gabble of the cipher is not, I fancy, a contingency that will occupy any serious historical student. When some historian like Mr. Morley or Mr. Gardiner, when some accomplished scholar like Major Martin Hume, who has made the secret archives of the Elizabethan period his special study, when some authority like the late beloved John Fiske, whose contempt for the Baconian figment did not lack explicitness—when a writer of this distinction and calibre thinks it worth while to consider whether Bacon, whose family history is as well known to us as that of Abraham Lincoln, was the "legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth," then I shall humbly await his judgment. Until that happens, we need not pay much attention to the higgledy-piggledy of lettering by which the Donnellys and the Gallups construct the wonderful cipher. Nothing could be easier than to make an equally impressive cipher which would show that Darwin wrote Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, and Harrison Ainsworth. But it would be more to the purpose if the Baconians would tell us why on earth Bacon could not let the world know in his lifetime that he had written Shakespeare. If it was beneath the dignity of a rising lawyer to acknowledge that he was the first poet and dramatist of his time, why was it beneath the dignity of a fallen Lord Chancellor? If men of good family like Surrey and Wyat could publish romantic poetry without shame, why not Francis Bacon? If Bacon could write a masque for the Court (and he appears to have tried his hand in this line of theatricals), why should his dignity forbid him to claim credit for the humours of Falstaff, for all

"Those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James"?

I return to the point from which I started. Until it can be shown how the most alert intellectual world of Elizabeth lent itself to a gigantic imposture of which there is no evidence except a silly cipher, we cannot take the Baconians with the gravity they demand. When they say it is incredible that a man of Shakespeare's education and upbringing could have written his plays, and tell us that Bacon wrote not only his own works but all Shakespeare and an ever-increasing list of other authors as well, they ignore both the sense of proportion and the sense of the ridiculous. I say little of the wanton eagerness with which they smirch the characters of men who lived and died in the esteem of their fellows. There can be no reasonable doubt that Shakespeare inspired the warmest admiration and personal affection. Ben Jonson's witness on that score is emphatic. I fear that the desire to drag down Shakespeare from his pedestal, and to treat the testimony of his personal friends as that of lying rogues, is due to that antipathy to the actor's calling which has its eccentric manifestations even to this day. Some people, I believe, are spiritually comforted by the notion that the plays which they misread at home, but would on no account see enacted, were written not by a vagabond player who stole a deer in his hot youth, and kept company with Bardolph's nose, but by a statesman, a philosopher, and a judge, who was convicted of taking money from suitors, and degraded in his old age. I make no complaint of this singular frame of mind, for its lack of charity touches not only Shakespeare and his fellow-actors, men like Burbage and Edward Alleyn, on whose fame there is no reproach. It gathers under one comprehensive anathema a whole society of distinguished men in all ranks of life, poets and patrons, courtiers and critics. They all knew Shakespeare and his work, and they are all accused as fools who were deceived by an illiterate mountebank, or as knaves who were hired by the penniless, but "legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth." I have too much respect for Shakespeare, for the stage to which he gave splendid and imperishable renown, and for the calling in which all actors reverently follow his footsteps—to suppose that he needs to be shielded against ignorance or malice.

HENRY IRVING.

THE TEMPEST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*
SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*
PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*
ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*
GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples*
ADRIAN, } *Lords.*
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to* PROSPERO.

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
IRIS, }
CERES, }
JUNO, } *Spirits.*
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on PROSPERO.

SCENE,—*The Sea, with a Ship: afterwards an uninhabited Island.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea.—A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter a Shipmaster *and a* Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain,—

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Master. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: take in the top-sail; 'Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, Boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold: set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*
Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?
Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.
Seb. I am out of patience.
Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chapp'd rascal;—Would thou mightst lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!
Gon. He'll be hanged yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.
[*A confused noise within.*]—Mercy on us! We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!—
Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*
Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*
Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Island; before the Cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The freighting souls within her.
Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.
Mira. O, woe the day!
Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—
Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.
Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?
Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou mayst.
Mira. But that I do not.
Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess; no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we that we came from thence;
Or blessed was 't, we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl;
By foul play as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please, you, further.
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Mira. Sir, most heedfully.
Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd them,
Or else new form'd them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't.—Thou attend'st not;
I pray thee, mark me.
Mira. O good sir, I do. [dedicate
Pro. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost hear?
Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbowed, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.
Mira. O the heavens!
Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then
If this might be a brother. [tell me,
Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was that he in lieu o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.
Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring now I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to 't.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I 'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon us; without the which, this
Were most impertinent. [story
Mira. Wherefore did they not,
That hour, destroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mira. How came we ashore?
Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions,
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.
Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul,
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair),
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here!
Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle;
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet?
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd:
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.
Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? No more!
Ari. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou dost; and think'st
It much to tread the ooze of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pro. Oh, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pro. This blear-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand 'hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years: within which space she died,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born,) not honour'd with
A human shape.
Ari. Yes: Caliban her son.
Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, master.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.
Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?
Pro. Go, make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape
And hither come in 't: hence, with diligence.
[*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Pro. Shake it off; Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
Cal. [*Within.*] There 's wood enough within,
Pro. Come forth, I say; there 's other business for thee:
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er.
Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.
Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.
Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
Cal. O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse; the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!
Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.
Pro. So, slave; hence!
[*Exit* CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following him.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist,)
Foot it featly here and there;
And sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Bur, *Bowgh, wowgh,* [*Dispersedly.*
The watch-dogs bark:
Bur, *Bowgh, wowgh.* [*Dispersedly*
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[Burden, *ding-dong*
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
father :—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes :—I hear it now above me.
Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.
Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form :—But 'tis a spirit.
Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and
hath such senses [seest,
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou
Was in the wreck: and but he's something
stain'd [call him
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. It goes on, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it :—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll
free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my
prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?
Mira. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the Duke of
And his brave son, being twain. [Milan,
Pro. The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control
thee, [*Aside.*
If now 'twere fit to do't :—At the first sight
They have changed eyes :—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a
word.
Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently?
This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity, move my father
To be inclined my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers; but this swift
business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge
thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
If the ill spirit have so fair an house, [temple:
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
Pro. Follow me.—
[*To* FERD.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and
husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*
Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor! Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy
conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beseech you, father
Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir, have pity
I'll be his surety.
Pro. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee
What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes
as he, [wench
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*To* FERD.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.
Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To* FERD. *and* MIR.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To* ARIEL.
Mira. Be of comfort;
My father 's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look, he 's winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike.
Gon. Sir,—
Seb. One:—Tell.
Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that 's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—
Seb. A dollar.
Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed.
Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
Gon. Therefore, my lord,—
Ant. Fye, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
Alon. I pr'ythee spare.
Gon. Well, I have done: But yet—
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?
Seb. The old cock.
Ant. The cockrel.
Seb. Done: the wager?
Ant. A laughter.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—
Seb. Ha, ha, ha!
Ant. So, you've paid.
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
Seb. Yet,—
Adr. Yet,—
Ant. He could not miss it.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.
Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green in 't.
Ant. He misses not much.
Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—
Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.
Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new dyed, than stained with salt water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?
Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.
Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.
Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.
Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense: Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches, or of poverty; no contracts,
Successions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* ALON. SEB. *and* ANT.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine
eyes [I find
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts:
They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy.—

[ALONSO *sleeps. Exit* ARIEL.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses
them?

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink! I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What
might, [more:—
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks
thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep [ing,
With eyes wide open, standing, speaking, mov-
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian, [wink'st
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep—die rather;
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only)
The king, his son's alive: 'tis as impossible
That he's undrown'd as he that sleeps here

Seb. I have no hope [swims.
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant,
with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis: she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from
Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom [chins
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast
again;
And, by that, destined to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis:
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*
Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience—
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feel not
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he 's like: whom I,
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Seb. O, but one word.
[*They converse apart.*

Music. *Re-enter* ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That these his friends, are in: and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep the living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie.
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They awake.*
Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That 's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let 's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let 's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done: [*Aside.*
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*
A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle they are set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,

And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind; yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, *Go, hang;*
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort.

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh! [*Drinks.*

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs: who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly. [wilt

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou
Anon; I know it by thy trembling;
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be—But he is drowned; and these are devils: Oh! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed: How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm.

And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant. [sprites,

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not
That 's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy
True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;
My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog and bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him? a very weak monster;—The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster: Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god 's asleep, he 'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink;
An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster! to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; [*To* CAL.] bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we 'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell, master: farewell, farewell.
[*Sings drunkenly.*

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;
'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: Oh, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget: [labours;
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
Most busy, least when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, *and* PROSPERO *at a distance.*

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.
Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours against.
Pro. [*Aside.*] Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.
Mira. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?
Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your 'hest to say so!
Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women: never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
Mira. I do not know
One of my sex! no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,—
The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,—
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
Mira. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mira. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
Pro. [*Aside.*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning;
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.
Mira. My husband, then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand! thousand!
[*Exeunt* FERD. *and* MIRA.
Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO; CALIBAN *following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur-monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.
I'll not serve him; he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree.—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more.—[*To* CALIBAN.] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed?
Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger; interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie.—Out o' your wits and hearing too?——A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil; I never saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen;—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That 's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming, [riches
The clouds, methought, would open and show
Ready to drop upon me: that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let 's follow it, and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster, we 'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I 'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your
I needs must rest me. [patience.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find: and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he 's so out of hope. [*Aside to* SEB.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly. [*Aside to* ANT.

Ant. [*Aside to* SEB.] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*Aside to* ANT.] I say to-night; no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange* Shapes, *bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation, and inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? My good friends hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery: now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one
At this hour reigning there. [phœnix

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*
Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing,—
Although they want the use of tongue,—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pro. Praise in departing. [*Aside.*
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs,—
Will 't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out of one for five, will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel,
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper selves.
[ALON., SEB. *&c., draw their swords.*
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that 's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable; if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,—
For that 's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures.
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition,—worse than any death
Can be at once,—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle; else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing,

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes *again, and dance with mops and mows, and carry out the table.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand,—who they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and my loved darling.
[*Exit* PROSPERO *from above.*
Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded.
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*
Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
Ant. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* SEB. *and* ANT.
Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits:—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstacy
May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austerely punished you,

Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.
Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspérsion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.
Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit, then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Ari. Presently?
Pro. Ay, with a twink.
Ari. Before you can say, *Come* and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so;*
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow:
Do you love me, master? no?
Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.
Ari. Well I conceive. [*Exit.*
Pro. Look thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!
Fer. I warrant you, sir.
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel: bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

A Masque. *Enter* IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,
Which spongy April at thy 'hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.
Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.
Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid. I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain;
Mars' hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
And be a boy right out. [sparrows,
Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Jun.—Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer.—Earth's increase, and foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.
Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wise,
Makes this place Paradise.
[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*
Pro. Sweet now, silence;
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do; hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.
Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wind'ring brooks, [looks,
With your sedged crowns, and ever harmless
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, *properly habited; they join with the* Nymphs *in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof* PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits.*] Well done;
—avoid;—no more. [passion
Fer. This is strange: your father's in some
That works him strongly.
Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pro. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled,
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity;
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.
Fer. Mira. We wish your peace.
[*Exeunt.*
Pro. Come, with a thought:—I thank you;
—Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?
Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ari. Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee. [varlets?
Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these
Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking:
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses,

As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost:
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind
mole may not
Hear a footfall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good, my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore speak
All's hush'd as midnight yet. [softly,

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour. [here,

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief, which may make this
island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery.—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it. [mean,

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with
pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, ain't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest: here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest. [time,

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our
And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, *in shape of hounds, and hunt them about.* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

Ari. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!* [hark!

Pro. *Fury*, *Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark,

[CAL., STE., *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make
Than pard or cat o' mountain. [them,

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies: [hour
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—*Before the Cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes; and* ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:

My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pro. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?
Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him you termed, sir, *The good old lord Gonzalo;*
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ari. I 'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,—
Weak masters though ye be,—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake: and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have required
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I 'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou 'rt pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.—
You brother mine, that entertain ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
[*Exit* ARIEL.
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In the cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that 's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Whether thou beest he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,—
An if this be at all,—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?
Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.
Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.
Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends, all:— [*Aside to* SEB. *and* ANT.
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I 'll tell no tales.
Seb. The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*
Pro. No:——
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pro. I am woe for 't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pro. I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss?
Pro. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter!
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing:
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have cursed them without cause.
[FERD. *kneels to* ALON.

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise and say how thou cam'st here.
Mira. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That hath such people in 't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou
wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she 's mortal;
But by immortal providence she 's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that 's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his duke-
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves [dom
When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands:
[*To* FERD. *and* MIR.
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. Be 't so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
found
Our king and company: the next, our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. *Aside.*
Pro. My tricksy spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen [hither?
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And,—how, we know not,—all clapp'd under
hatches, [noises
Where, but even now, with strange and several
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
Ari. Was 't well done?
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou *Aside.*
shalt be free.
Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you,—
Which to you shall seem probable,—of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither,
spirit; [*Aside.*
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares
my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.
Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord Antonio!
Will money buy them?
Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave,——
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robb'd me: and this demi-devil,—
For he 's a bastard one,—had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?
Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah!
Ste. I should have been a sore one then.
Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to* CALIBAN.
Pro. He is as disproportioned in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Ay, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!
Pro. Go to; away!
Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
Seb. Or stole it, rather.
[*Exeunt* CAL., STE., *and* TRIN.
Pro. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away,—the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples.
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belovèd solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet afar off.—My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[*Aside.*] Please you, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,—
Which is most faint: now 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair
Unless I be relieved by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to* SILVIA.
VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen of Verona.*
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, *Father to* PROTEUS.
THURIO, *a foolish Rival to* VALENTINE.
EGLAMOUR, *Agent for* SILVIA *in her escape.*
SPEED, *a clownish Servant to* VALENTINE.
LAUNCE, *Servant to* PROTEUS.
PANTHINO, *Servant to* ANTONIO.
Host, where JULIA *lodges in Milan.*
Outlaws.

JULIA, *a Lady of Verona, beloved by* PROTEUS.
SILVIA, *the Duke's daughter, beloved by* VALENTINE.
LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to* JULIA.

Servants. Musicians.

SCENE,—*Sometimes in* VERONA ; *sometimes in* MILAN ; *and on the frontiers of* MANTUA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open place in* VERONA.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus ;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits ;
Wer 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin. [adieu !
Pro. Wilt thou be gone ? Sweet Valentine,
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel :
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap : and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.
Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.
Pro. Upon some book I love I 'll pray for thee.
Val. That 's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love ;
For he was more than over shoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true ; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.
Pro. Over the boots ! nay, give me not the boots.
Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.
Pro. What ?
Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans ;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs ; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights :
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain ;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won ;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquishèd. [fool.
Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me
Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at ; I am not Love.
Val. Love is your master, for he masters you :
And he that is so yokèd by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.
Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all. [bud
Val. And writers say, As the most forward
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
That art a votary to fond desire ?
Once more adieu : my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no ; now let us take our leave.
At Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend ;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.
Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !
Val. As much to you at home ! and so farewell. [*Exit* VALENTINE.
Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love :

He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought:
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you. Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already;
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then, my horns are his horns whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay; that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour!

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged you were best stick her?

Pro. Nay; in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir; less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?

Speed. [*Nodding.*] Ay.

Pro. Nod—Ay—why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, Ay.

Pro. And that set together is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly: having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come; open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: what said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—*Take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go; begone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Garden of* JULIA'S *House.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam ; so you stumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
Luc. Please you, repeat their names ; I 'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.
Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour? [fine ;
Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc. Well of his wealth ; but of himself, so so.
Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
Luc. Lord, lord ! to see what folly reigns in us !
Jul. How now ! what means this passion at his name? [shame
Luc. Pardon, dear madam ; 'tis a passing
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason ;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him? [away.
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast
Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me. [loves ye.
Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best
Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Luc. Fire that is closest kept burns most of all.
Jul. They do not love that do not show their love. [their love.
Luc. O, they love least that let men know
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
[*Gives a letter.*
Jul. [*reads*] '*To Julia,*'—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.
Jul. Say, say ; who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page ; and sent, I think, from Proteus : [the way,
He would have given it you ; but I, being in
Did in your name receive it ; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker !
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper ; see it be return'd ;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee
Jul. Will you be gone? [than hate.
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the
It were a shame to call her back again, [letter.
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modesty, say *No* to that
Which they would have the profferer construe *Ay*.
Fie, fie ! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod !
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here !
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile !
My penance is to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past :—
What, ho ! Lucetta?

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is it near dinner time?
Luc. I would it were ;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is 't you took up
So gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune :
Give me a note : your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible ;
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then.
Luc. Ay ; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. Let 's see your song. — How now, minion? [it out :
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam ; it is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant;
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus. [me.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble
Here is a coil with protestation!—
[*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it, with your stings!
I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.
And here is writ—*kind Julia;*—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus:*—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss,
But twice or thrice was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter, [bear
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia; that I 'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

[stays.
Luc. Madam, dinner 's ready, and your father
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What! shall these papers lie like tell-tales here? [up.
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;
Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.
Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; wilt please you go?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me to impórtune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth. [that
Ant. Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well. [him thither:
Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest execution
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Al-
With other gentlemen of good esteem, [phonso,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go. [him.
And—in good time;—now will we break with

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn;
O that our fathers would applaud our loves,

To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia! [there?
Ant. How now? what letter are you reading
Pro. May 't please your lordship, 'tis a word or
Of commendation sent from Valentine, [two
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-beloved
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition shalt thou have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two. [after thee:
Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.
[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* PAN.
Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning, [drown'd:
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers no.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—MILAN. *An apartment in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. [*Picking up a glove.*] Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then, this may be yours; for this is but one. [mine:—
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me; it 's
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia! Silvia! [Silvia!
Speed. [*Calling.*] Madam Silvia! Madam
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow. [Silvia?
Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know Madam
Speed. She that your worship loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a mal-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?
Speed. They are all perceived without you.
Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that 's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in a urinal; that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.
Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard favoured, sir?
Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.
Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.
Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as (of you) well favoured.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love: for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them;—Peace; here she comes.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, give you good even!—Here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him. [*Aside.*

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in
But for my duty to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you, gentle servant; 'tis very clerkly done.
Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes
I writ at random, very doubtfully. [pains?
Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much
Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet;—
Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*
Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them. [*Gives back the letter.*
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.
Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another. [over;
Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.
Val. If it please me, madam! what then?
Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.
And so good morrow, servant. [*Exit* SILVIA.
Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weather-cock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia?

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive

Val. No, believe me. [the jest?

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I 'll warrant you 'tis as well.

For often you have writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat; O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—VERONA. *A Room in* JULIA'S *House.*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can I will return.

Jul. If you turn not you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why, then, we 'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not:
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should:
[*Exit* JULIA.
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay; so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it: this shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither; yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe with the hole in it is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't! there 'tis. Now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand; this hat is Nan our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing;*—now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman;—well, I kiss her:—why there 'tis; here 's my mother's breath up and down; now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter! why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever man tied.

Pan. What 's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that 's tied here: Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man; I mean thou 'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service? The tide! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—MILAN. *An Apartment in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it 's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I 'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus—for that 's his name—
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word,—for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,—
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wished a thing it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth;
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:–
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it:
I 'll send him hither to you presently.
[*Exit* DUKE.

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchised them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say that love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.
Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit* Servant.
Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome.
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* SIL., THU., *and* SPEED.
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus; but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?
Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world; why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, we are betroth'd:
Nay, more; our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of: how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will.— [*Exit* VAL

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia that I love,—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will:
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you madcap; I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of fivepence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How, then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What! are they broken?

Laun. No; they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do, too; look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed. [one.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is al

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; i he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou—that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—*The same. An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn
To love fair Silvia shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn
And even that power which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear
O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty-thousand-soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.

I to myself am dearer than a friend :
For love is still more precious in itself : [fair !—
And Silvia—witness heaven, that made her
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead ;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself
Without some treachery used to Valentine :—
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window—
Myself in counsel, his competitor :
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight ;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine ;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter :
But, Valentine, being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift ! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—VERONA. *A Room in* JULIA'S *House.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta ! gentle girl, assist me !
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charácter'd and engraved,—
To lesson me ; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
Luc. Alas ! the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;
Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.
Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.
Jul. O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food ?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot
But qualify the fire's extreme rage, [fire ;
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns ;
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course :
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love ;
And there I'll rest as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along ?
Jul. Not like a woman ; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men ;
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page. [hair.
Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your
Jul. No, girl ; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots :
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches ? [lord,
Jul. That fits as well as—"Tell me, good my
What compass will you wear your farthingale ?"
Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.
Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta ! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly :
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey ?
I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd. [go not.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone :
I fear me he will scarce be pleased withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear :
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect !
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth :
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart ;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven he prove so when you come to him ! [wrong,
Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that
To bear a hard opinion of his truth ;
Only deserve my love by loving him,

And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—MILAN. *An Ante-room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.
[*Exit* THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with
me? [discover,
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that [me.
Which else no worldly good should draw from
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.
Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest
care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,—
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,—
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be conveyed away. [mean
Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.
Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.
Duke. Nay, then, no matter; stay with me
awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the
match [man
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentle-
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen,
froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherished by her child-like
duty,
I am now full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possession she esteems not.
Val. What would your grace have me to do
in this?
Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,—
For long agone I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;—
How and which way I may bestow myself.
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her :
Send her another ; never give her o'er ;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you :
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse whatever she doth say :
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean *away :*
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duke. But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth ;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.
Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
Val. What lets but one may enter at her window ?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground ;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night ; for love is like a child,
That longs for everything that he can come by.
Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.
Duke. But, hark thee ; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither ?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn.
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak :
I'll get me one of such another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak ?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same ? What 's here ?—*To Silvia ?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding !
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly ;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying.
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune :
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be.

What's here ?
Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee :
'Tis so ; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaëton,—for thou art Merops' son,—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world ?
Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder ! over-weening slave !
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates ;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence :
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Begone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit* DUKE.
Val. And why not death, rather than living torment ?
To die is to be banish'd from myself ;
And Silvia is myself : banish'd from her
Is self from self : a deadly banishment !
What light is light if Silvia be not seen ?
What joy is joy if Silvia be not by ?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night
There is no music in the nightingale ;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day
There is no day for me to look upon :
She is my essence ; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death to fly his deadly doom :
Tarry I here I but attend on death ;
But fly I hence I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.
Laun. So-ho! so-ho!
Pro. What seest thou?
Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine.
Pro. Valentine?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing. [strike?
Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I
Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?
Laun. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear. [you,—
Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray
Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word. [good news,
Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine. [me!—
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn
What is your news?
Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanish'd. [news;
Pro. That thou art banished; O, that's the
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,—
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force,—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.
Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour. [help,
Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here though thou art hence:
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.
Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy, [gate.
Bid him make haste and meet me at the north
Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.
Val. O my dear Silvia, hapless Valentine!
[*Exeunt* VAL. *and* PRO.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of knave: but that's all one if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce? what news with your mastership?
Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.
Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word.
What news, then, in your paper? [heard'st.
Laun. The blackest news that ever thou
Speed. Why, man, how black?
Laun. Why, as black as ink.
Speed. Let me read them. [read.
Laun. Fie on thee, jolthead; thou canst not
Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. *Here follow her vices.*

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,—*

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed.—And more faults than hairs,—

Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed.—And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay: who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Laun. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO; PROTEUS *behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

How now, Sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee.—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace. [effect
Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And also I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine and love Sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend. [him.
Duke. Then you must undertake to slander
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially against his very friend. [tage him
Duke. Where your good word cannot advan-
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore, the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend. [it
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him.
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do I will effect:—
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.
Duke. Ay, much the force of heaven-bred poesy.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart;
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones.
Make tigers tame and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands,
After your dire lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love. [practice:
Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music:
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen. [supper:
Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest near* MANTUA.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
1 *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.
2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.
Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am crossed with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2 *Out.* Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 *Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?
Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1 *Out.* What! were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse;
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.
1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
2 *Out.* Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.
3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.
1 *Out.* We'll have him; sirs, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!
2 *Out.* Tell us this. Have you anything to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3 *Out.* Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen;
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banish'd
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
1 *Out.* And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults
That they may hold excused our lawless lives,—
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want;—
2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consórt?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.
1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy thou diest.
2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.
3 *Out.* No; we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—MILAN. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend:
When to her beauty I commend my vows
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO *and Musicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Whom? Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia—for your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter HOST, *at a distance; and* JULIA, *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
  That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
  The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
  For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
  To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia, let us sing,
  That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
  Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before?
How do you, man! the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How! out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music.

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I'll tell you what, Launce, his man, told me he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* THURIO *and Musicians.*

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed,
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seducèd by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear
I am so far from granting thy request
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried. [*Aside.*

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betrothed. And art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that. [*Aside.*

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdúrate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love;
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow:
And to your shadow I will make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PRO.; *and* SIL., *from above.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.
Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind;
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with
I do desire thee, even from a heart [plagues.
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which, since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?
Sil. This evening coming.
Egl. Where shall I meet you?
Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.
Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good morrow, gentle lady.
Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter LAUNCE, *with his dog.*

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live he had suffer'd for't; you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there—bless the mark—a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog,* says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out,* says a third; *Hang him up,* says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend,* quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry do I,* quoth he. *You do him the more wrong,* quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou thinkest not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant? [*To* LAUNCE.
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says your dog was a cur; and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not; here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say. Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that still an end turns me to shame.
[*Exit* LAUNCE.
Sebastian, I have entertain'd thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout;
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which—if my augury deceive me not—
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so: I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, Alas!

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, Alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.
[*Exit* PROTEUS.

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs;
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I—unhappy messenger—
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refused;
To praise his faith, which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true confirmèd love,
But cannot be true servant to my master
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. Oh!—he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
[*Picture brought.*
Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Delivered you a paper that I should not.
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this [ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think pon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept an hundred several times.
Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her. [sorrow.
Jul. I think she doth, and that 's her cause of
Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature: for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;
Which serv'd me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!
Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA.
Jul. And she shall thank you for 't if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture. Let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I 'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead 's low, and mine 's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And were there sense in his idolatry
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky:
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia at Patrick's cell should meet me.
She will not fail for love break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!
Out at the postern by the abbey wall;
I fear I am attended by some spies. [off!
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues
If we recover that, we are sure enough.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. An Apartment in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What! that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little. [rounder.
Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat
Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one. [black.
Thu. Nay, then, the wanton lies; my face is
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.
[*Aside.*

Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill when you talk of war.
Thu. But well when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well derived.
Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then she 's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar Lawrence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence:
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*
Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Frontiers of* MANTUA. *The Forest.*

Enter SILVIA, *and* Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Come, come;
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?
2 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we'll follow him that 's fled.
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.
1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave;
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What halloing and what stir is this to-day!
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who 's this comes here? [*Steps aside.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,—
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,—
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [*Aside.*
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,

I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul ;
And full as much,—for more there cannot be,—
I do detest false, perjured Proteus :
Therefore begone : solicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they 're beloved.
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he 's beloved.
Read over Julia 's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that 's far worse than none ; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one :
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !
Pro. In love,
Who respects friends?
Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end ;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love—force you.
Sil. O heaven !
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch ;
Thou friend of an ill fashion !
Pro. Valentine !
Val. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love,—
For such is a friend now ;—treacherous man !
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive ; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom ? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time, most curst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.
Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine : if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here ; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid ;
And once again I do receive thee honest.—
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth ; for these are pleased;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.
Jul. O, me, unhappy ! [*Faints.*
Pro. Look to the boy.
Val. Why, boy ! why, wag ! how now? what is the matter?
Look up ; speak.
Jul. O good sir, my master charged me
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia ;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?
Jul. Here 'tis : this is it. [*Gives a ring.*
Pro. How ! let me see :
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook ;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*
Pro. But how camest thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me ;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Pro. How ! Julia !
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart :
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush !
Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment ; if shame live
In a disguise of love :
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds ! 'tis true ; O heaven ! were man
But constant, he were perfect : that one error
Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all th' sins :
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins :
What is in Silvia's face but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either :
Let me be blest to make this happy close :
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I have mine.

Enter Outlaws, *with* DUKE *and* THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, I say ; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine !
Thu. Yonder is Silvia ; and Silvia 's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death ;

Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.
Val. I thank your grace: the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reform'd, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee;
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.
Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I'll tell you, as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus: 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.
[*Exeunt.*

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Sir John Falstaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, *a Country Justice.*
Slender, *Cousin to* Shallow.
Mr. Ford,
Mr. Page, } *two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*
William Page, *a boy, Son to* Mr. Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welsh Parson.*
Dr. Caius, *a French Physician.*
Host of the Garter Inn.
Bardolph,
Pistol,
Nym, } *Followers of* Falstaff.

Robin, *Page to* Falstaff.
Simple, *Servant to* Slender.
Rugby, *Servant to* Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Anne Page, *her Daughter, in love with* Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to* Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, *&c.*

Scene,—Windsor; *and the parts adjacent.*

ACT I.

Scene I.—Windsor. *Before* Page's *House.*

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it; if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Custalorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *Ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *Armigero;* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation,—*Armigero!*

Shal. Ay, that we do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but this is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot; the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for Master Page. What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow: and here young Master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed:—How doth good Mistress Page?—and I love you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsale.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess; you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault; 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog. Can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath;—at a word he hath;—believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—That is now answered.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

Eva. Pauca verba, Sir John, goot worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is nc matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;* slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—Master Page, *fidelicit*, Master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicit*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot. I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me: that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses; fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick. If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mrs. ANNE PAGE *with wine, Mrs.* FORD *and Mrs.* PAGE *following.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* ANNE PAGE.

Slen. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kissing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but* SHAL., SLEN., *and* EVANS.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

Sim. *Book of Riddles!* why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here.—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But this is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth.—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well. [la.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged,

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.—Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt* SHAL. *and Sir* H. EVANS.

Anne Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.

Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit* SIMPLE.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you; I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it that it passed:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong indeed, la.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether 's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page: I pray you, begone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the* GARTER INN.

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a-week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word: follow.

[*Exit* HOST.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him: a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol. Indeed I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's.*

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy*, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eyliads: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford; we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [*to* ROB.,] bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page. [*Exeunt* FAL. *and* ROB.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor;
Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Dr.* CAIUS'S *House.*

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* RUGBY.

Quick. What: John Rugby!—I pray thee go to the casement and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* RUGBY.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him. Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts* SIMPLE *in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well that he comes not home:—*and down, down, adown-a*, &c. [*Sings.*

Enter Dr. CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet ***un boitier verd;*** a box, a green-a box. Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket: *depeche*, quickly:—Vere is dat knave, Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John?

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Villany! *larron!* [*Pulling* SIMPLE *out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a!

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell?

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—but notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house: and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself:—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge; I will cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog.

[*Exit* SIMPLE.

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I will kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate. What, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to de court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? How does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread. We had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing: But for you-- Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before* PAGE'S *House.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*Reads.*

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young; no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy; you are merry; so am I. Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I. Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me: 'tis not a soldier-like phrase: but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight, JOHN FALSTAFF.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me! —Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house!

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O, Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it?——dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking. And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the hundreth psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves.* What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition. He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal: for, sure, unless he know some strain in me that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, *and* NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.—
Away, Sir Corporal Nym.——
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.
[*Exit* PISTOL.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true [*to* PAGE]. I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours; I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit* NYM.

Page. The humour of it, quotha! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian though the priest of the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow. Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home; go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George? Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.
[*Aside to Mrs.* FORD.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see; we have an hour's talk with you.
[*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Page. How now, Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets of her more than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the

Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter HOST *and* SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[*They go aside.*

Shal. Will you [*to* PAGE] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier.

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: it is a merry knight.—Will you go on, hearts?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt* HOST, SHAL., *and* PAGE.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.—
I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends you were good soldiers and tall fellows: and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason. Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you;—go.—A short knife and a throng;—to your manor of Pickthatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent. What wouldst thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one, Mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,——

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee nobody hears; — mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton. Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk) and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: but I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil, modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.——This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt* QUICKLY *and* ROBIN.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights; give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit* PISTOL.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack! go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via*!

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir. Would you speak with [me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which has something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion: for they say if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will [on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all or half for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,——and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means as desire to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and I protest to you bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a pur- [pose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose. You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment: even as you came in to me her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: Master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is his! —My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!——Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass! he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous! I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour:—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Windsor Park.*

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montánt. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian King Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six, or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions; is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodikins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home.

I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, Monsieur Muck-water.

Caius. Muck-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Muck-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Englishman:——Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, *Shal.*, *and Slen.* Adieu, good master doctor. [*Exeunt* PAGE, SHAL., *and* SLEN.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest: for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die; but first sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house, a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cryed game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good: vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Field near Frogmore.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick?*

Sim. Marry, sir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way. [also look that way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the 'ork—'pless my soul! [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow——

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals—
When as I sat in Pabylon——
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow——

Sim. Yonder he is, coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:

To shallow rivers, to whose falls——

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! Do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder;—here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or another make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him to kill him, have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial, so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHAL., SLEN., PAGE, *and* HOST.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog,—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street in Windsor.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company; I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him off:—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah!

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and

Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there. I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, *Sir* HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Shal., *Page*, *&c.* Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love a-me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May; he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No; he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, Master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHAL. *and* SLEN.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.

Host. Farewell, my hearts, I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit* HOST.

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* FORD'S *House.*

Enter Mrs. FORD *and Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say.

Enter Servants, *with a basket.*

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction. Begone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt* Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy master I am alone. Mrs. Page, remember you your cue.

[*Exit* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, *my heavenly jewel?* Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mrs. Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish. I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Buckler's-bury in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love Mrs. Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mrs. Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.— [FALSTAFF *hides himself.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion!—out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aside.*]—'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis more certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pounds he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather;* your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

[*Exit* ROBIN. *Re-enter* Servants.] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why, then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too; It shall appear. [*Exeunt* Servants *with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—so, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[*Exeunt* EVANS, PAGE, *and* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mrs. Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: maybe the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace:—You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than [your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, [Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no—bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, Mistress Page; I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the [company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, Master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* PAGE'S *House.*

Enter FENTON *and Mrs.* ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?
Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,——
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. Maybe he tells you true?

Fent. No; heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.
Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then.—Hark you hither.
[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* *Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't; 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No; she shall not dismay me. I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye: Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year! [*Aside.*

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz; I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender.

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle have made motions: if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can. You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and Mrs.* PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?
Page. No, good Master Fenton.
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.
[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHAL., *and* SLEN.

Quick. Speak to Mrs. Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowled to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;
Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.
[*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE *and* ANNE.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now:—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains. [*Exit.*

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne: or I would Master Slender had her: or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses. What a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell I should down. I had been drowned but that the shore was shelvy and shallow: a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with the wine.*

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit* Bardolph.]—How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine; I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her. Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, begone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook? you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What! while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook; I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that: that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half-stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, Master Ford: there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse nor into a pepper box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame; if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this; or will be presently: but truly he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master; be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity, 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis:* I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter*, *nominativo*, *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo*, *hig*, *hag*, *hog*:—pray you, mark: *genitivo*, *hujus*. Well, what is your *accusative case?*

Will. *Accusativo*, *hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child. *Accusativo*, *hing*, *hang*, *hog*.

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O—*vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, William, focative is *caret*.

Quick. And that 's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive*,—*horum*, *harum*, *horum*.

Quick. 'Vengeance of *Jenny's* case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they 'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call horum: fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *ki*, *kæ*, *cod;* if you forget your *kies*, your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir* HUGH.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* FORD'S *House.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mrs.* FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He is a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What hoa, gossip Ford, what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who 's at home beside yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly;—Speak louder. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Page. Truly I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind: so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying *Peer-out*, *peer-out!* that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why? does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—The knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then, you are utterly ashamed, and he 's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I 'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas! three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I 'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always used to discharge their birding pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note. There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrummed hat, and her muffle too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John. Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness is he; and he talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again to meet him at the door with it as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry and yet honest too:
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.*

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mrs. FORD, *with two* Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch. [*Exit.*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife.—You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gin, a pack, a conspiracy against me. Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well: indeed.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah.

[*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? Let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket. Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true: my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he 's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, hoa, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman 's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what 's brought to pass under the profession of fortune telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing. ——Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF *in women's clothes, led by Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat, come; give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *prat* her:———Out of my door, you witch, [*beats him*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little farther. Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, SHAL., *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they 'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period to the jest should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter HOST *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English.

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* FORD'S *House.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth, do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as éxtreme in submission
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives

Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they 'll meet him in the park at midnight; fie, fie; he 'll never come.

Eva. You say he has been thrown into the rivers; and has been grievously peaten as an old 'oman; methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too. [when he comes,

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner: [know
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth. [fear

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised, like Herne, with huge horns on his head. [come,

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll
And in this shape. When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we 'll dress [white,
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song; upon their sight
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him why that hour of fairy revel
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We 'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this or they 'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards. [all the fairies,

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of
Finely attired in a robe of white. [time

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away. [*Aside.*
And marry her at Eton.——Go, send to Falstaff straight. [Brook;

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again, in name of
He 'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he 'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it. It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, *and* EVANS

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs.* FORD.

I 'll to the doctor; he hath my good-will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter HOST *and* SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go, knock and call; he 'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee. Knock, I say.

Sim. There 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military. Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above.*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable. Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, muscle-shell. What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town tells me there is three couzin germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Dr. CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre?*

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany:* by my trot dere is no duke dat de court is know to come; I tell you for good-vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone: fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[*Exeunt* HOST *and* BARD.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I foreswore myself at *primero.* Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue?

I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FENTON *and* HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,—
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,—
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter
That neither, singly, can be manifested
Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
[*Showing the letter.*
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host,
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen:
The purpose why is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, sir,
Her mother, ever strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor:—Now thus it rests;
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,—
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,—
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling:—go.——I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain: and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Enter FORD.

How now, Master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed.

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave

Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Windsor Park.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another; I come to her in white and cry *mum;* she cries *budget;* and by that we know one another.

Shal. That 's good too: but what needs either your *mum* or her *budget?* the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let 's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Street in Windsor.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Dr.* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed he will be mocked; if he be amazed he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Windsor Park.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *and* Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter FALSTAFF *disguised, with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that in some respects makes a beast a man; in some other a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda:—O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose?—A fault done first in the form of a beast:—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on 't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. FORD *and Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves;* hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. }
Mrs. Page. } Away, away. [*They run off.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *like a satyr; Mrs.* QUICKLY *and* PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

Quick. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's *Pede?*—Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower;
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense* write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and white:
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charáctery.
Away; disperse: but, 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay: I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy! lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?
[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

SONG.

Fye on sinful fantasy!
Fye on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

During this song the fairies pinch FALSTAFF. *Doctor* CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away Mrs.* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head and rises.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *and Mrs.* FORD. *They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now:
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you come; hold up the jest no higher:—
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent when 'tis upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What! a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to ornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles, and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to
make amends:
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven
at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is by this Doctor Caius' wife. [*Aside.*

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Who—ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you dispatched?

Slen. Dispatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white and cried *mum*, and she cried *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. Oh, I am vexed at heart: what shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit* CAIUS.

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me:—here comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother,
pardon!

Page. Now, Mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master
doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the
state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven
give thee joy!
What cannot be eschewed must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run all sorts of deer
are chased.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your
wedding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:—
Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lie with Mistress Ford.
[*Exeunt.*

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*
SEBASTIAN, *a young Gentleman, brother to* VIOLA.
ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, friend to* SEBASTIAN.
A SEA CAPTAIN, *friend to* VIOLA.
VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen attending on the*
CURIO, } *Duke.*
SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle of* OLIVIA.
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *Steward to* OLIVIA.
FABIAN, } *Servants to* OLIVIA.
CLOWN, }

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*
VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*
MARIA, OLIVIA'S *Woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE,—*A City in* ILLYRIA; *and the Sea-coast near it.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians *attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.
Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a-day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance. [frame,
Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sov'reign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd,—
Her sweet perfections,—with one self king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, *and* Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors? [sav'd.
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance, may he be. [with chance,
Cap. True, madam; and, to comfort you
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,—
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,—
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature
As in his name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him.
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur,—as you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,—that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.
Vio. O that I served that lady!
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is.
Cap. That were hard to compass:
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him;
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his eunuch and your mute I'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!
Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a-year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystril that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench? Castiliano-vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew?

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What 's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here 's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what 's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what 's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand I am barren. [*Exit* MARIA.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I 'd forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me; the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She 'll none o' the count; she 'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that 's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.
Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?
Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.
Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.
Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.
Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord. What then?
Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.
Vio. I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it,
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four or five attend him:
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company:—Prosper well in this
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: yet, [*aside*] a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

SCENE V.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter MARIA *and* CLOWN.

Mar. Nay; either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent: or, to be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so neither: but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue; no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely; you were best. [*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away. [the lady

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself: if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but patched; virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby, ——

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There 's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he is in the third degree of drink; he 's drowned: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit* CLOWN.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you; I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he 'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling, when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er
my face;
We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue. [way.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am and what I would are as sacred as maidenheads: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present. Is 't not well done?
[*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather. [white

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried; and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me? [proud;

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you. O, such love
Could be but recompens'd though you were
crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I can-
not love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant,
And, in dimension and the shape of nature,

A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.
Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.
Oli. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud, even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.
Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*
Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.——I 'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee fivefold blazon. Not too fast:—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.
Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.
Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Oli. I do I know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe:
What is decreed must be: and be this so! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have heard of: he left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hours before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her,—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done—that is, kill him whom you have recovered—desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man;—if it be so,—as 'tis,—
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st.

Sir And. Nay; by my troth, I know not: but I know to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!——a stoop of wine.

Enter CLOWN.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman. Hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. O, mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave*, knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith! Come begin.
[*They sing a catch.*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady 's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio 's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.* [*Singing.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight 's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. *O, the twelfth day of December,*—
[*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that though she harbours you as her kinsman she 's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. *His eyes do show his days are almost done.*

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. *But I will never die.*

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go?* [*Singing.*

Clo. *What an if you do?*

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go and spare not?*

Clo. *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

Sir To. Out o' tune? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man 's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, knight; I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time pleaser: an affection'd ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good-night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music:—Now, good morrow, friends:——
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:——
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* CURIO.—*Music.*
Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO *and* CLOWN.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death.
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that 's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit* CLOWN.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.——
[*Exeunt* CURIO *and* Attendants.
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That Nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so. Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be called appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe.
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what 's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that 's the theme.
To her in haste: give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no denay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow this half-hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.
[*Exit* MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than anyone else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here 's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he 's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby.

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech*:—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. *You must amend your drunkenness.*

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. *Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;*

Sir And. That 's me, I warrant you.

Mal. *One Sir Andrew:*

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?
[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s. Why that?

Mal. [*reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads.*] *Jove knows I love:*
But who?
Lips do not move,
No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man must know*:—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. *I may command where I adore:*
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison hath she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel checks at it!

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I*;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,*

The fortunate unhappy.

Daylight and champian discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.* Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either.

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—OLIVIA'S *Garden*.

Enter VIOLA, *and* CLOWN *with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin: I might say element; but the word is overworn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi: votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: but we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you.

Sir And. That youth 's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, *pregnant*, and *vouchsafed*:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir* TO., *Sir* AND., *and* MAR.

Give me your hand, sir.
Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble [service.
Oli. What is your name?
Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair [princess.
Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.
Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks rather than fill'd with [me!
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—
Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.
Vio. Dear lady,——
Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit;
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzl'd thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: so let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That 's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
[*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way due-west.
Vio. Then westward-ho:
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee tell me what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, that I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I love thee so that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom: give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir Ana. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And 't be any way, it must be with valour: for policy I hate; I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo.* Go.
[*Exit Sir* ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon gull, Malvolio, is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you,—though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,—
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks. Often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count, his galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answered.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?
Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—
Seb. I do remember.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him. He says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft than begged or borrowed.
I speak too loud.——
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam:
But in strange manner. He is sure possessed.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile: your ladyship
Were best have guard about you if he come;
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.
[*Smiles fantastically.*

Oli. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering. But what of that; if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile on, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness:*—'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,*—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some achieve greatness,*—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;*—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. *And wished to see thee cross-gartered.*

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so:*—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.
[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she;—*be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;*——and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to:* Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with Sir* TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ah! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitched.

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck.

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon the stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay is it, I warrant him; do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. *Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good senseless.

Sir To. *I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,——*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. *Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. Good.

Sir To. *Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman,—as I know his youth will aptly receive it,—into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA *and* VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece; give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir* TO., FAB., *and* MAR.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on it:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is
That it but mocks reproof. [bears

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion
Go on my master's griefs. [picture;

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That, honour saved, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master. [that

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well;
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't. Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir: I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is a knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

[*Exit Sir* TOBY.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't. I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY *with Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to* FAB.] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath.
[*Draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will.
[*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword:—if this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him I for him defy you.
[*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.
[*To* ANTONIO.

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please. [*To Sir* ANDREW.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes from seeking you;
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something; my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,——
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[*Exeunt* Officers *with* ANTONIO.

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination; O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couple or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An' I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else. Thou knowst not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer
I shall give worse paymant.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir ANDREW, *Sir* TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?

[*Beating Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence.

[*Exit* CLOWN.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

[*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

[*Draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! Out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario!——
Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* TO., *Sir* AND., *and* FAB.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or am I mad? or else this is a dream:-
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee. Would thou 'dst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter MARIA *and* CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit* MARIA.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not fat enough to become the function well: nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, *That that is, is:* so I, being master parson, am master parson: for what is that but that? and is but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*In an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows, transparent as barricadoes, and the clear storeys towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.
[*Exeunt Sir* TO. *and* MAR.

Clo. *Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,*
Tell me how thy lady does. [*Singing.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. *She loves another*—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,——

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper; I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo.
I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries ah, ha! to the devil:
——Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman drivel.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't, and see 't
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus
Yet 'tis not madness. Where 's Antonio, then
I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady 's mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her
followers,
Take and give back affairs and their despatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

Enter OLIVIA *and a* Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you
mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with
you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;——
And heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter CLOWN *and* FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is to give a dog; and in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo*, *secundo*, *tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[*Exit* CLOWN.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well:
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy:
And this is he that did the Tiger board
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,—
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,—
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,—
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,—
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.—
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;
But more of that anon.——Take him aside.
Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable !—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
Vio. Madam ?
Duke. Gracious Olivia,——
Oli. What do you say, Cesario ?——Good my lord,——
Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes [me.
Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel ?
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What ! to perverseness? you uncivil [lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd ! What shall I do ?
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart [to do it.
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love ; a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly ?—But hear me [this :
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still ;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye
Where he sits crowned in his master's sprite.—
Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief :
I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.
[*Going.*
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[*Following.*
Oli. Where goes Cesario ?
Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife ;
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love !
Oli. Ah me, detested ! how am I beguiled ?
Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do you wrong ?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself ? Is it so [long ?—
Call forth the holy father.
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Duke. Come away. [*To* VIOLA.
Oli. Whither, my lord ? Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband ?
Oli. Ay, husband, can he that deny ?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah ?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety :
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up ;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st—O, welcome, [father !

Re-enter Attendant *and* Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold,—though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,—what thou dost know
Hath newly past between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings ;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in my function, by my testimony :
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.
Duke. O thou dissembling cub ! what wilt [thou be,
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case ?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow ?
Farewell, and take her ; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
Vio. My lord, I do protest,—
Oli. O, do not swear ;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon ; send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What 's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too : for the love of God, your help : I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario : we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario ?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is :—You broke my head for nothing ; and that that I did I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me ? I never [hurt you :

You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair and hurt you not.
Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *drunk, led by the* CLOWN.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink he would have tickled you othergates than he did.
Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?
Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?
Clo. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.
Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue.
Oli. Away with him. Who hath made this havoc with them?
Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.
Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?
Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[*Exeunt* CLOWN, *Sir* TO., *and Sir* AND.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.
Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.
Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me
Since I have lost thee.
Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Oli. Most wonderful!
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* VIOLA.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too;
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed:
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden's weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count;
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.
Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook: [*To* OLIVIA.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived;
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*To* VIOLA.
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.
Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.
Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit;
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.
Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:—

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter CLOWN, *with a letter.*

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?
Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.
Oli. Open it, and read it.
Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman:—*By the Lord, madam,*—
Oli. How now! art thou mad?
Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox.*
Oli. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.
Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.
Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* FABIAN.
Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*
The madly used MALVOLIO.
Oli. Did he write this?
Clo. Ay, madam.
Duke. This savours not much of distraction.
Oli. See him delivered, Fabian: bring him hither. [*Exit* FABIAN.
My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.
Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
Your master quits you; [*to* VIOLA] and, for your service done him,
So much against the metal of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.
Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?
Oli. Ay, my lord, this same;
How now, Malvolio?
Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.
Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.
Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you;
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.
Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice has most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.
Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides past.
Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!
Clo. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon*

them. I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*—But do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged.* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come:
For so you shall be while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.
[*Exeunt.*

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.
[*Exit.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VICENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*
ANGELO, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord, joined with* ANGELO *in the Deputation.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a Fantastic.*
TWO OTHER LIKE GENTLEMEN.
VARRIUS, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*
PROVOST.
THOMAS, } *two Friars.*
PETER, }
A JUSTICE.
ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*
FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*
CLOWN, *Servant to* MRS. OVERDONE.
ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *Sister to* CLAUDIO.
MARIANA, *betrothed to* ANGELO.
JULIET, *beloved by* CLAUDIO.
FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*
MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a Bawd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE,—VIENNA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—
Escal. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—
Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—
[*Exit an* Attendant.
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look where he comes.
Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold, therefore, Angelo;
In our remove be thou at full ourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart! Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.
Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamped upon it.
Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and preparéd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd

Matters of needful value. We shall write to you
As time and our concernings shall impórtune
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own:
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and *aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness.

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me.—Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter LUCIO *and two* GENTLEMEN.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why, then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy. As for example;—thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair o shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech. I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me, but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow: impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter BAWD.

1 *Gent.* How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.
[*Exeunt* LUCIO *and* GENTLEMEN.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now! what's the news with you?

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What! is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and* Officers; LUCIO *and two* GENTLEMEN.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,—
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,—
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors; and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is it murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.
Is lechery so looked after?

Claud. Thus it stands with me:—Upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in.—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round

And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me ;—'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service :
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation :
Acquaint her with the danger of my state ;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him ;
I have great hope in that : for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect
Such as moves men ; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may ; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I 'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Monastery.*

Enter DUKE *and Friar* THOMAS.

Duke. No ; holy father ; throw away that thought ;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom : why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,—
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,—
My absolute power and place here in Vienna
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland ;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,—
The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,—
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep,
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd :
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do : for we bid this be done
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office ;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people : therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you ;
Only, this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ;
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Nunnery.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough ?

Isab. Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votaries of St. Clare.

Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Within.*

Isab. Who 's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him ;
You may, I may not ; you are yet unsworn :
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress ;
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face ;

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you answer him.
[*Exit* FRANCISCA.
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! For what?
Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. It is true.
I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.
Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full: as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.
Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?
Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly; as schoolmaids change their names
By vain though apt affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Isab. O, let him marry her!
Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo: a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense.
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study, and fast.
He,—to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions,—hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute
To make him an example; all hope is gone.
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that 's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor ability 's in me
To do him good.
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power! alas, I doubt,—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, *a* JUSTICE, PROVOST, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little
Than fall and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,—
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,—
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny.
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor; let him be prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit* PROVOST.

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemnéd for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, CLOWN, Officers, *&c.*

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to;—what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife!

Elb. Ay, sir; who, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [*To* ANGELO.

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing—saving your honour's reverence—for stewed prunes, sir; we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some threepence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you threepence again,—

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the aforesaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a-year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?—

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit* ANGELO.
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose.—Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right.—Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?
[*To* FROTH.

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a-year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?
[*To the* CLOWN.

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine

own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit* FROTH.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey: nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you. It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after threepence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.
Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.
[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you!—They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit.* ELBOW.] What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter PROVOST *and a* Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do. [*Exit* Servant.] I'll know
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages, smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon:

What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She 's very near her hour.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemned
Desires access to you.
Ang. Hath he a sister?
Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted.
[*Exit* Servant.
See you the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful but not lavish means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO *and* ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*
Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To* ISAB.] You are welcome. What 's your will?
Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what 's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces.
Ang. Condemn the fault and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault 's condemn'd ere it be done;
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the fault whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*
Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.
Isab. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do 't.
Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him.
Ang. He 's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.
Lucio. You are too cold. [*To* ISABELLA.
Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipp'd like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency.
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge
And what a prisoner.
Lucio. Ay, touch him; there 's the vein. [*Aside.*
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.
Isab. To-morrow! O that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He 's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There 's many have committed it.
Lucio. Ay, well said.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil
If the first man that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shows what future evils,—
Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,—

Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.
Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied ;
Your brother dies to-morrow : be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence ;
And he that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. That 's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder : nothing but thunder.——
Merciful heaven !
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle ;—but man, proud man !
Dress'd in a little brief authority,—
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench : he will relent ;
He 's coming ; I perceive 't.
Prov. Pray heaven she win him !
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself :
Great men may jest with saints : 'tis wit in them ;
But, in the less, foul profanation.
Lucio. Thou 'rt in the right, girl ; more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain 's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. Art advised o' that ? more on 't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom ;
Knock there ; and ask your heart what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault ; if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense that my sense breeds with it.——Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me :—Come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you. Good, my lord, turn back.
Ang. How ! bribe me ?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them : but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise : prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well ; come to me
To-morrow.
Lucio. Go to ; it is well ; away.
[*Aside to* ISABELLA.
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe !
Ang. Amen : for I
Am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross.
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship ?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour !
[*Exeunt* LUCIO, ISAB., *and* PROV.
Ang. From thee ; even from thy virtue !—
What 's this? what 's this? Is this her fault or mine ?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most ? Ha !
Not she ; nor doth she tempt ; but it is I
That, lying by the violet, in the sun
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness ? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there ? O, fie, fie, fie !
What dost thou ? or what art thou, Angelo ?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good ? O, let her brother live ;
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What ! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again
And feast upon her eyes ? What is 't I dream on ?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook ! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue : never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper ; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.—Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in a Prison.*

Enter DUKE, *habited like a Friar, and* PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you
are. [good friar?
Prov. I am the provost. What's your will,
Duke. Bound by my charity and my bless'd
order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly. [were needful.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man;
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow,—
I have provided for you; stay awhile
[*To* JULIET.
And you shall be conducted. [carry?
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you
Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most
patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign
your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that
wrong'd him. [act
Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful
Was mutually committed?
Juliet. Mutually. [than his.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you
do repent [shame,—
As that the sin hath brought you to this
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not
heaven, [love it,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we
But as we stand in fear,—
Juliet. I do repent me as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—
Juliet. Grace go with you!
Duke. *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious
law,
That respites me a life whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think
and pray [words;
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O
form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art
blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?
Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit* Serv.
O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself
And dispossessing all the other parts
Of necessary fitness? [swoons;
So play the foolish throngs with one that
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wished king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?
Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much
better please me [not live.
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother can-
Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour!
[*Retiring.*

Ang. Yet may he live awhile: and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.
Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.
Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid; 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.
Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?
Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than accompt.
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do 't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do 't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant
Or seem so, craftily; and that 's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Isab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?
Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.
Ang. Then must your brother die.
Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slandered so?
Isab. Ignominy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses; lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.
Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger

Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold ;—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman ; if you be more, you 're none ;
If you be one,—as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,—show it now
By putting on the destin'd livery.
Isab. I have no tongue but one : gentle, my lord,
Let me intreat you, speak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Isab. My brother did love Juliet ; and you tell me
That he shall die for it.
Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
Isab. Ha ! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose ! — Seeming, seeming !—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo ; look for 't :
Sign me a present pardon for my brother
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I 'll tell the world
Aloud what man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel ?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state
Will so your accusation overweigh
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun ;
And now I give my sensual race the rein :
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite ;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for : redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will ;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance : answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I 'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*
Isab. To whom shall I complain ? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me ? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue
Either of condemnation or approof !
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will ;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws ! I 'll to my brother :
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he 'd yield them up
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :
More than our brother is our chastity.
I 'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, *and* PROVOST.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo ?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope :
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.
Duke. Be absolute for death ; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict ; merely, thou art death's fool ;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble ;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant ;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself :
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get ;
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain ;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou art poor ;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none ;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both : for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old and rich

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.
Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life. Let it come on.
Isab. [*Within.*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!
Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.
Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.
Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.
Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.
Duke. Provost, a word with you.
Prov. As many as you please.
Duke. Bring me to hear them speak where I may be conceal'd.
[*Exeunt* DUKE *and* PROVOST.
Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?
Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in deed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift embassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger:
Therefore, your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.
Claud. Is there no remedy?
Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?
Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.
Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The princely Angelo?
Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity
Thou mightst be freed?
Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claud. Thou shalt not do't.
Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,

And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest to take life [I think?
From thine own sister's shame. What should
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father
fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance:
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,—
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile.

Duke. [*To* CLAUDIO *aside.*] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures; she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there. Farewell.
[*Exit* CLAUDIO.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That, now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* PROVOST.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him; I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*The Street before the Prison.*

Enter DUKE, *as a Friar; to him* ELBOW, CLOWN, *and* Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins, too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock. which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort; I cry bail! Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Cæsar! Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What say'st thou to't? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good: it is the right of it: it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell; go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right; bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity, too: bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go:

[*Exeunt* ELBOW, CLOWN, *and* Officers.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stockfishes.—But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too: that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation.

Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return,—as our prayers are he may,—let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first! thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why, for filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar: I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so.—Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, BAWD, *and* Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison. Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt* BAWD *and* Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner.
Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* ESCAL. *and* PROV.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply;
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despis'd;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* MARIANA'S *House.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting; a* Boy *singing.*

SONG.

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Sealed in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee
quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
[*Exit* Boy.

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so, [woe.
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such
a charm
To make bad good and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you.—The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with
brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise to call on him
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find
this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana.
A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth.

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I re-
spect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and I have found it.
Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Will't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt* MARI. *and* ISAB.
Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.
Mari. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tilth 's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter PROVOST *and* CLOWN.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him; he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for, truly sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.
[*Exeunt* CLO. *and* ABHOR.
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow

Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?
Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.
Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But, hark! what noise? [*Knocking within.*
Heaven give your spirits comfort!
[*Exit* CLAUDIO.
By and by!—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?
Prov. None, since the curfew rung.
Duke. Not Isabel?
Prov. No.
Duke. They will, then, ere 't be long.
Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?
Duke. There 's some in hope.
Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.
[*Knocking within.*—PROVOST *goes out.*
This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.—
How now? what noise? That spirit 's possess'd with haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

PROVOST *returns, speaking to one at the door.*

Prov. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.
Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good-morrow; for as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit* Messenger.
Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin, [*Aside.*
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.

Prov. [Reads.] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.* What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reakless, and fearless of what 's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a-day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death 's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death. You know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor: perchance of the duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed: but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here 's young Master Rash; he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Threepile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deepvow, and Master Copperspur, and Master Starvelackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Dropheir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shoetie the great traveller, and wild Halfcan that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now "for the Lord's sake."

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friend, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night and is hanged betimes in the morning may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word; if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Duke. Unfit to live or die. O gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt* ABHOR. *and* CLOWN.

Enter PROVOST.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides!
Despatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;—
Put them in secret holds; both Barnardine and Claudio.
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo.
[*Exit* PROVOST.
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel.—She's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it, therefore; give your cause to Heaven.
Mark what I say; which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even,
Friar; where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother. If the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit* ISABELLA.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for. [Fare ye well.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my trot , I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness; pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the streets?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed:
Betimes i' the morn I'll call you at your house:
Give notice to such men of sort and suit
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her—no:
For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right ; we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Fields without the Town.*

Enter DUKE *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me. [*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction
And hold you ever to our special drift ;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay : give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;
But send me Flavius first.
F. Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit* FRIAR.

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius ; thou hast made good haste :
Come, we will walk. There 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Street near the City Gate.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath ;
I would say the truth ; but to accuse him so,
That is your part : yet I 'm advis'd to do it ;
He says, to 'vailfull purpose.
Mari. Be ruled by him.
Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange ; for 'tis a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.
Mari. I would friar Peter,—
Isab. O, peace ; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded ;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering ; therefore, hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A public Place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA (*veiled*), ISABELLA, *and* PETER, *at a distance. Enter at opposite doors* DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, Officers, *and* Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met ;—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace !
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you ; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.
Ang. You make my bonds still greater.
Duke. O, your desert speaks loud ; and I should wrong it
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus ;
You must walk by us on our other hand :
And good supporters are you.

PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

F. Peter. Now is your time ; speak loud, and kneel before him.
Isab. Justice, O royal duke ! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I 'd fain have said, a maid !
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And give me justice, justice, justice, justice !
Duke. Relate your wrongs. In what ? By whom ? Be brief :
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice.
Reveal yourself to him.
Isab. O, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil :
Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you ; hear me, O, hear me here.
Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm :
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.
Isab. By course of justice !
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.
Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak :
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange ?

That Angelo 's a murderer, is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
Is it not strange and strange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.
Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her!—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.
Isab. O prince, I cónjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike; 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.
Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.
Isab. O gracious duke,
Harp not on that: nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid
And hide the false seems true.
Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?
Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: one Lucio
As then the messenger;—
Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isab. That 's he, indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord:
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour,
Duke. The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to it.
Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.
Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again. The matter;—proceed.
Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely
Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isab. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!
Duke. I know you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.
Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar.
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Bless'd be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,—came I hither
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he, with his oath
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman—
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,—
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[ISABELLA *is carried off, guarded; and* MARIANA *comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What! are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you
Are nothing then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse.—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contráct,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,

Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, thinkst thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he indeed
Hath set the women on this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—[*Exit* PROVOST.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best
In any chastisement. I for awhile
Will leave you: but stir not you till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. [*Exit* DUKE.]—Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again [*to an* Attendant]; I would speak with her. Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think if you handled her privately she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

Re-enter Officers, *with* ISABELLA.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress [*to* ISABELLA]: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Re-enter the DUKE, *in the Friar's habit, and* PROVOST.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox,
Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice? Take him hence;

To the rack with him.—We 'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpose.—What! unjust?
Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'errun the stew: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.
Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!
Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate. Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice. I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark how the villain would gloze now, after his treasonable abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison!—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more.—Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion!

[*The* PROVOST *lays hands on the* DUKE.

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What! resists he?—Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir! come, sir; foh, sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will 't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the* DUKE.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.——
First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three:——
Sneak not away, sir [*to* LUCIO]; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon:—Lay hold on him.
Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.
Duke. What you have spoke I pardon; sit you down.—— [*To* ESCALUS.
We 'll borrow place of him.—Sir, by your leave: [*To* ANGELO.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.
Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.
Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?
Ang. I was, my lord.
Duke. Go, take her hence and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again.—Go with him, Provost.
[*Exeunt* ANG., MARI., PET., *and* PROV.
Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.
Duke. Come hither, Isabel:
Your friar is now your prince. As I was then
Advértising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.
Isab. O give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.
Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel.
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose. But peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.
Isab. I do, my lord.